

FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1918

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UNIV. OF MICHIGAN

Reedy's

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MIRROR

FRANCE

From an address at the dinner of the Pennsylvania Society, in New York, in honor of Ambassador Jusserand, December 8, 1917.

“**F**RANCE embodies all of loveliness and all of valor; Beauty is her handmaiden and Strength her shield bearer, and the shining courage of her daughters has matched the courage of her dauntless sons. For three and a half terrible years she has walked high of heart through the Valley of the Shadow. Her body is in torture, but her forehead is alight with the beauty of the morning. Never in all history has there been such steadfast loyalty in the doing of dangerous duty, such devotion to country, such splendor of service and of sacrifice. And great shall be her reward, for she has saved the soul of the world.”

Theodore Roosevelt

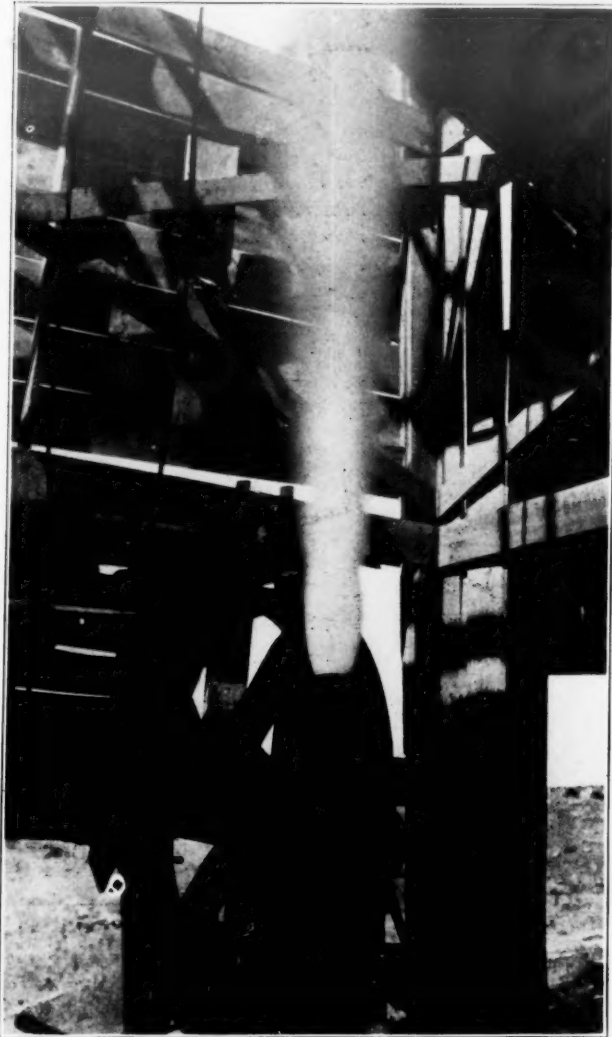
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New Books Received

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LOVE ETERNAL by H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., \$1.50.

A novel set in attractive scenes in England and abroad which tells of one whose human love led her from darkness into light and on into the gates of Love Eternal.

THE DANCE OF SIVA by Ananda Coomaraswamy. New York: Sunwise Turn, 2 E. 31st St.

Fourteen East Indian essays on Hindu contribution to art, with twenty-seven full page plates.

OUT TO WIN by Lt. Coningsby Dawson. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.25.

The author was commissioned by the British government to visit the American army in France and in this book he gives an account of his visit. It constitutes a vivid, prophetic statement of America's program in France, being based on observed facts not accessible to the general writer.

THE POLITICAL CONDITIONS OF ALLIED SUCCESS by Norman Angell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.50.

A plea for a protective union of scattered democracies. If liberty is to prevail after the war it is essential that the free countries form a protective union, on the principles stated by President Wilson, as close and as effective as that of present autocracies.

E. K. MEANS, author. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.50.

Eight negro tales, embodying the negro's shrewd observations, curious retorts, quaint comments, humorous philosophy and his general originality. Illustrated.

FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE by Capt. Bruce Bairnfather. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 50c.

Part V of the trench cartoons which have amused the British nation. Humorous human documents calculated to take a bit of the bitterness out of the war.

FRONTIERS OF FREEDOM by Newton D. Baker. New York: George H. Doran, \$1.50.

In this book the secretary of war answers questions put to the war department which only he can answer; he explains in detail just how the United States is conducting the war. From addresses delivered to the senate and to the various units at the front on the occasion of his recent visit.

BARBARA PICKS A HUSBAND by Hermann Hagedorn. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.50.

The exciting adventures of a New York heiress with her three suitors. Illustrated.

BEYOND THE MARNE by Henrietta Cuvru-Magot. Boston: Small-Maynard Co., \$1.00.

A Frenchwoman's recital of civilian life during a battle. Illustrated.

MESSINES AND OTHER POEMS by Emile Cammerets. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.25.

Poems written in 1916-1917. The original French paralleled by the English translation.

Two Tuskegee graduates represented, respectively, plaintiff and defendant in a municipal court recently. The question at issue being close, the judge asked for some authorities. The attorney for the plaintiff handed up a book. His honor was so impressed with the citation that he observed, "This case seems to be in point." When the judge had finished, opposing counsel, much perturbed, demanded, "Misto Attorney, le me see that book." "No, sah!" was the retort. "Look up yo' own law."

Brand Whitlock said in an address in Washington: "My war experiences have done me good. They have broadened my mind. I am a writer rather than a politician, and we writers live too re-

stricted lives. You know the story of Carlyle and his sound-proof room in Chelsea. Carlyle had built a sound-proof room for himself on the top of his house. The room had no windows, but only a skylight for illuminating purposes. To an elderly visitor from Craigenputtock the room was shown proudly by Carlyle, and the visitor gave a cackling laugh and said: 'My conscience, this is fine! Here ye may write and study the best o' yer life and nobody be a bit the wiser.'"

A stout Irishwoman, bearing a number of bundles, entered a crowded street car in Chicago. The only sign of a seat she could find was a small space at the right of a smartly dressed youth. Into this space, sufficient only for an individual of ordinary size, the stout lady squeezed herself, much to the annoyance of the youth. After a moment or so the Irishwoman produced a cheese sandwich, which she proceeded to devour with every evidence of relish. Whereupon the youth gave her a look of ineffable disgust and drew the skirts of his overcoat closer to him. "I suppose, me lad," good-naturedly said the woman, "that ye'd prayfer-r to have a gintleman sittin' next to ye?" "I certainly would," snapped the youth. "So would I," calmly responded the fat woman.

"He's an infernal liar and a stuttering fool!" snarled Constable Sam T. Slackpitter, as he sat alone on the porch of the Petunia Tavern. "He's a thief, a reprobate, and—" "Here, Sam!" exclaimed the landlord, appearing at the doorway of the hostelry. "What in thunder are you doing, cussing along that-away, all by yourself?" "I am runnig down a criminal!" ominously replied the sleuth.

An Irishman came into the office of the president of the Illinois Central railroad and said: "Me name's Casey. Oi worruk out in th' yar-r-ds. O'd loik a pass to St. Louis." "That is no way to ask for a pass," said the president. "You should introduce yourself politely. Come back in an hour and try it again." At the end of the day back came the Irishman. Doffing his hat, he inquired: "Are yez the man I saw before?" "I am." "Me name is Patrick Casey. O've been worrukin' out in th' yar-r-rds." "Glad to know you, Mr. Casey. What can I do for you?" "O've got a job an' a pass to St. Louis on th' Wabash. Yez can go to hell."

The sale was over, and Mike pushed his way through the crowd, carrying two fat geese under his arms. On his way home one of the geese screamed out, "Quack, wack, wack, wack!" until Mike got so angry that he shouted, much to the amusement of his fellow-passengers, "Divil the step ye'll walk, for sure I'll carry ye all the way."

Chauffeur (roughly) — Don't you know enough to get out of the way of an auto? Victim (humbly)—No; I'm not used to walking. You see, I own one myself.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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The War

By W. M. R.

NOT much promise of peace in the von Kuehlemann resignation. He had to go because he said the war could not be ended by a military decision alone. His successor, von Hintze, is a raging Berseker. The President seems veering to intervention in Russia from the north, on request of the people of Murman and to protect materials stored there. The Czecho-Slovak army in the east grows in strength and forces back the Bolsheviki, while the uprising in Moscow against German domination, though checked locally, is symptomatic of general revolt. Things in Russia look as if the Germans need plenty of troops from the western front. Russian peril must hasten the expected drive and lessen its force to the extent that hurry will impair a preparation intended to provide against all the things that caused the failure of other drives. The allies are holding their own on every front, but there is chaos at Germany's back—in Austria. The United States army is making itself felt and here at home there are no jarrings except over control of the telegraphs and telephones and the prohibition nuisance. The exposure of the purchase of the New York Mail with German money by Dr. E. A. Rumely was hardly news. Everybody knew it, but the arrest of Rumely shows up clearly the quality of German friendliness to this country. Also it shows that at the bottom German intrigue is just about as cunning as the ingenuity of the United Railways of St. Louis in hiring boob burglars to defeat a referendum of the compromise ordinance. Dr. Albert and Bernstorff left a trail as broad as that of Jackson.

NEW YORK, July 10.

♦♦♦♦

That Fellow Folk

By William Marion Reedy

THERE'S a lot of talk about the issue of the senatorship in the Democratic party that is away from the point. The issue is as to the fitness of the two contestants for the nomination. We judge the men by what they have done. Mr. Wilfley has done nothing, has had no chance to do anything. A United States senator should be a man who has had practical experience in affairs and the question is whether the results of that experience have been to the benefit of the public. We are to choose a servant. It is incumbent upon us to choose one who has served us well. Mr. Wilfley's service has been limited; it may be said he served his party rather than the people. How about Mr. Folk? We know what he has done. No use to tell again the story of how he broke up boodling in St. Louis. Oh but, says someone, anyone could have done it. Yes, but no one else did. Other circuit attorneys before him had access to the facts, but dodged them. They feared to offend big business and big politicians. Folk could have closed his eyes and ears, but didn't. He refused to recognize bribery as a "necessary evil," or, as it was otherwise expressed, "a con-

ventional offense." Mr. Folk didn't specialize in virtue. He simply recalled its existence to a community that thought virtue or honesty was suspended or adjourned. So, when Mr. Folk became governor let us admit that he did nothing great. But he did do things that other governors had neglected to do. His enemies call him a Puritan. He isn't. He only made saloonkeepers obey the laws. And only the worst saloonkeepers resent his action. He has not been a prohibitionist, merely a regulationist. If he had given the word Missouri would have gone dry while he was governor. He is condemned for killing sport. This is not true. He did kill racing as a business, and it was a business that was a fixed game. He broke up the crowd that had organized itself into a syndicate to monopolize the profits of gambling in St. Louis. He cleaned out a police force that was profitably participating in the violation of laws it was appointed to enforce. It was robbing the people it had sworn to defend. He did only his duty, some say. Well, the community had fallen so low that an official who did his duty was an anomaly, a wonder. He enforced the laws and the doing of it was so strange that some people thought him a miracle-man. In an official world that blinked its duty, that shut its eyes to wrong, he was an exception. His critics said he was a hypocrite, but without proof thereof. There was no conflict between his deeds and his doctrines. Did he play politics? The answer is that he did the things that other officials were pledged to do but failed to do. They professed, he performed.

We are to consider that Mr. Folk is a Democratic candidate for the senate. Has his career been that of a man deserving democratic support? Was it democratic—large D or small d—to demand the establishment in Missouri's constitution of the principle of the initiative and referendum? Those instrumentalities give the people direct control of legislation. They were opposed by all the plutocrats of privilege. Who will say it was not democratic to break up the legislative lobby at the state capital that had so often succeeded in defeating or preventing the popular will in legislation? His war on the lobby in Missouri gave the cue to President Wilson in his attack upon the lobby maintained by certain special interests in Washington. Mr. Folk made the lobbyists register their purposes at the state capital. He dragged them out into publicity. The light defeated their dark designs. Without the establishment of the initiative and referendum and the turning of the spotlight on the lobby, could the legislature ever have passed, as it did at Governor Folk's suggestion, the two-cent passenger rate and the maximum freight rate laws? Can any Democrat say such achievements are not representative of the party's principles? Certainly not. Looking backward now, who can find fault with the Missouri pure food law enacted under Governor Folk? Has any legitimate business or public interest suffered because Governor Folk pressed to passage the law against bucket-shops? He was among the first governors to secure the enactment of a law against child labor and for compulsory education. He got the legislature to provide for prison punishment of violators of the anti-trust law. "Guilt is personal" he maintained. How about the Folk-inspired enactment of a law prohibiting a concern from selling goods higher in one part of the state than in another, cost of transportation considered? That put an end to great corporations underselling local manufacturers or agents until the latter were driven out of business. Nothing

un-democratic in that. It was during the Folk regime that the teeth were put in the state banking laws. The banking department was little more than a political plum. Since the days of Folk it has been a protection to depositors and stockholders. Governor Folk was a friend of good roads. It was at his suggestion that the state employed highway engineers; half a million dollars were appropriated for a good roads fund and \$1,000,000 was distributed among the counties for road purposes. This paved the way for the excellent and comprehensive good roads legislation put through under the direction of Representative Harry B. Hawes at the last session. It was due to Governor Folk's urging that a law was passed for the parole of all first offenders—a law that prevented the operation of the penal system in such a way as almost certainly to make of first offenders habitual criminals. To Governor Folk we owe the act regulating the rates charged by public utilities. He gave us the beginning of our public utilities commission. It saved the people from extortion and curiously enough now saves the public utilities from bankruptcy. To Governor Folk we owe the act extending the protection of the fellow servant law to the men who work in the mines. Some of us may have forgot that this same Folk brought about the passage of a law giving the right of action for the death, by negligence, of unmarried adults. Parents or other dependent relatives of a worker killed through negligence, could not, theretofore, recover damages if the worker were over twenty-one years of age and unmarried. All these enactments were fought by those elements in the state that were and still are anti-democratic. Not every man who opposed the Folk policies or personality, or who opposes them to-day, is an un-democratic plutocrat or privilege grafter, but every anti-democratic plutocrat and privilege grafter in the state is fighting Folk to-day as they fought him from his first appearance in politics.

Mr. Folk ran against William J. Stone for the senatorial nomination at the end of his gubernatorial term. He was defeated. Stone's popularity was one cause of that defeat. Another was that Folk as governor refused to build up a political machine, through the political use of his appointees, to assure his nomination. Mr. Folk was mentioned for the nomination for president in 1912. He did not get the vote of Missouri because that was captured ostensibly for Champ Clark but under cover for Judson M. Harmon. In this matter, too, Governor Folk had done better if he had organized a machine. It was the old machine of Missouri that defeated him again. He had promised Missourians he would not construct a machine, and he kept his word. Needless to say, he stayed loyal to his party's choices over himself. He is and always has been a good party man, but he has always held that no party is bound, nor any party man, to support crooks claiming party-protection. Latterly Mr. Folk has held office at Washington. He was a counselor of the state department, of counsel to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The country remembers the part he played in the exposure of the multifarious iniquities of the Mellen gang in the mismanagement and looting of the New Haven railroad and the corruption and robbery of New England communities. He resigned the latter position to come back to St. Louis and fight what is called the bridge arbitrary or the embargo on St. Louis commerce. I did not and do not see that the condition he wars against is remediable by the method or plan or on the theory that Mr. Folk adopts in the prosecution of his campaign against the Terminal Association, but he is proceeding under forms of law and his purpose is of undoubted civic patriotism. The Interstate Commerce Commission and the supreme court have validated the terminal charges on the transfer of freight across the river from east to west, but ex-Governor Folk thinks the law will be differently interpreted if the acts are differently presented. He is within his rights as citizen and lawyer. Because I happen to think him wrong on this point it does not follow

that I should want him defeated because he does not see eye to eye with the great terminal corporation.

Here then is the record of what Joseph Wingate Folk has done. There is no fault to find with it. It is the work of a man whose way of thinking and acting is in exact accord with that of President Wilson. It is work that fits in perfectly with the policies and principles the President has enunciated as this country's mission in the world war. It is work for democratic individualism. Logically it leads right up to the democracy of international polity—to the making of the world safe for democracy and to making democracy safe for the world and for the United States. Surely his opponent, Mr. Wilfley, is not to be preferred above Governor Folk on the basis of better democracy. Surely a man who has done what Folk has done for party and people is not to be set aside in favor of a man who has done nothing but win the confidence of his client the present governor of Missouri. The offices—the important offices—Mr. Folk has held were given him by the people. His opponent was originally the candidate of nobody but Frederick D. Gardner, and while Governor Gardner is not a nobody, he is not empowered to pick out a United States senator for the state of Missouri. Of late Mr. Wilfley, unhappily, has become the candidate of all the rogues who ne'er fe't the halter draw but with a poor opinion of the law, of the friends of the boodlers he indicted or prosecuted or convicted, of the elements that profited by lawless saloon-keeping, syndicated gambling, corrupted police, bribed boards of aldermen and legislators. Again be it said that not all supporters of Wilfley come under this category of venality, but all the corruptionists and their parasitic friends are "against that fellow Folk." And if there be any pro-Germans here, undoubtedly they favor a man who protested going to war with Germany after the President had broken off relations with that government, after that government had broken its pledge to abstain from sinking our ships without warning, visit and search, and murdering our nationals in despite of international law and the ordinary dictates of humanity, after we had discovered the Zimmerman note fomenting an attack upon us by Mexico and plotting to embroil us through Mexico with Japan. Not fit for United States senator, I should say, is a man who so misunderstands both Germany and the United States as does the senatorial choice of Governor Gardner, Mr. Xenophon P. Wilfley. The signing of that protest against war with Germany is the one thing Mr. Wilfley has done that can be offered in comparison with the long record of Governor Folk's performances. It is a thing ill-done, with a blunderfulness, a stupidity, amounting to something barely short of criminality. We may well doubt that a man so uncomprehending as Mr. Wilfley showed himself to be could be relied upon to stand staunchly and intelligently by the President's policies as proclaimed at Mt. Vernon on the Fourth of July. We might find him round robbing for a peace by negotiation that would enable Germany to get away with the eastern swag. I don't say that Mr. Wilfley is unpatriotic, only that he is fatuously imprudent for a public man, and dangerously unwise. They tell me that "this man Folk" is "cold." Well, he seems to be "cold" in just about the conflagrational fashion of Woodrow Wilson. He is a Wilson democrat, not one of those democrats who care most for the greatest good of the greatest number as being the greatest number of jobs or the greatest number of Democrats. He is an anti-tariff man. He sees the true economics of taxation just as clearly as does President Wilson, who leads up to the declaration of a free earth but stops short of saying it, in "The New Freedom." He favored, as governor, the separation of the sources of state and local revenues. He is a modernist as to taxation, not a follower of the professorial old fogies. Hereabouts we hear that he's only a prosecutor, a man who delights in destroying people and things. Look at his record. He destroyed no worthy thing or person. He was and is a reconstructionist. He has helped sanely

to reshape both society and individuals. He is neither dogmatist nor doctrinaire. He has not tried to dragoon people into morality of his own brand. His moral principles are those of everybody. He is not a sumptuarian. In all his policies, in all the laws he brought to enactment and enforced he violated no right but struck at social wrongs.

Mr. Wilfley is supported vociferously as "a native Missourian." The argument would apply to any imbecile who might happen to have been born here and to have been hand-picked for the senatorship by a Tennessean governor. It is flubdub and bosh. It is not arguable that merely by condescending to be born here Mr. Wilfley did so much for the state as Joseph W. Folk has done according to the condensed record of his achievement as circuit attorney of the city of St. Louis and governor of the state of Missouri. Mr. Folk is the man the Democrats of Missouri should nominate for and elect to the senate if they want to show their pride in the state. They should defeat him if they want to comfort the gang, high and low, that has brought to city and state the greatest humiliation and disgrace. Why, to listen to the anti-Folkians, one would think it a greater crime to expose and punish crookedness than it was or is to be a crook.

"Folk for senator" is the battle cry in Missouri not alone of Democracy but of decency.

♦♦♦♦

On Jaunt

By William Marion Reedy

Hands O'er Sea

ON the Fourth of July at East Aurora, which is in Erie county, state of New York, I stood up with about four hundred other Americans and sang "God Save the King." I was surprised that so many knew the song and went through with all its verses. There was an awful collapse later in the middle of the second verse of "The Star-Spangled Banner." A few hours before King George of England had listened to the reading of the Declaration of Independence and had sung the American anthem. "Hands across the sea"—what! Now, I'm Irish and the performance at East Aurora was somewhat of a feat for me. I am not apologizing for it. The best of Ireland is with England. They have nothing to hope for from Germany. But I do hope that everywhere in this country on Sunday next the Americans will sing the "Marseillaise." We must not forget France. Everybody should feel with regard to France the thing so eloquently expressed by Col. Roosevelt printed on the title page of the cover of this issue of the MIRROR. That paragraph is the most poetic utterance that has yet come from Roosevelt. It has a quality of feeling we don't expect from him, a high romantic tenderness that is the more impressive because his speech and writing are more rugged and thorny, as a rule. The passage should be read to audiences at every celebration of the fall of the Bastille. The taking of the prison fort deserves American celebration for it was the first foreign fruit of our Declaration of Independence, though possibly we should never have had the Declaration in its present form if Jefferson had not been a student of the French philosophers.

♦

A Living Dead Man

The gathering of the Roycrofters at East Aurora this year was a large one. One would have thought that the higher railroad rates, the fewer trains, the financial and economic pressure would have kept the faithful away, but they were there five hundred strong and full of the old reverence for the founder of the Roycroft institution. Some of them were there on their fifteenth annual visit. Elbert Hubbard was a religion to thousands of people; he is so yet. He brought art to them. He gave them a liberalism of spirit that has leavened the nation. To be sure he stopped about where Ingersoll did. His revolt didn't carry over into the economic and social field

as did Tom Paine's. I doubt if Hubbard was as Jeffersonian as that oratorical melodist John J. Lentz of Ohio, who ought to be senator from that state and would be if he hadn't beaten most of his party to support of woman suffrage and antagonized them by his advocacy of prohibition. Hubbard was too much a Yankee to blaspheme business success but he threw bricks at many a hoary superstition and abuse not only in religion but in law and medicine and education. He disseminated a taste for good printing and he carried into actual life some of the philosophy of Emerson, with a touch of Carlyle and the canniness of Franklin and the humor of Artemus Ward and Mark Twain. This dead man lives.



Catching up with Hubbard

Three years after the u-boats got him and his wife on the *Lusitania* the followers of Hubbard gathered to commemorate him. When the war broke out and President Wilson was telling us to be neutral in word and thought, and even Col. Roosevelt didn't think the war was any concern of ours, Hubbard was the first American to declare against Kaiserism in an article entitled "Who Lifted the Lid off Hell?" For this he was roundly denounced. He was called a sensationalist. It was said he was advertising himself. He knew the Kaiser and the meaning of Kaiserism long before the most of us. To-day, all America, all the world in fact, is of Hubbard's mind. Hubbard died as fate decreed, as part of the demonstration that was needed to crystallize American opinion as to the war. The *Lusitania* started us for where we are now. A million men in France, a million in the cantonments and a million more on the way to the cantonments, and if necessary ten million more, are headed for Berlin in the spirit of doing the job at any cost that Hubbard gave voice to in his celebrated "Message to Garcia."



Views of the War

The war is showing many things after Hubbard's own heart. It is an efficient war. It is a war that has developed some toleration for the big business man, whom Hubbard always defended and exalted. It is a health war, and Hubbard was a health crank. His motto was "health without medicine." It wasn't peace without victory either. How Hubbard's heart would have swelled had he heard John Lentz, the great organizer of the Loyal Order of Moose, describe the work done by the Americans in France, the erection "in a year and a day" of ten miles of docks at Bordeaux as fine as or finer than the dock at Liverpool, the building of hundreds of miles of railroads, the cutting of the ties therefor in Spain, the transport of a thousand thousand men to Europe without loss, the millions of tons of food and material that followed them! Then there was the story of the work of the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Salvation Army, the Jewish organization for relief, the Red Cross. All this is "getting there" as Hubbard preached, it is doing the job properly, it is carrying the message to Garcia. And Hubbard would have rejoiced to hear John Lentz and Joe Mitchell Chapple, and Rev. Capt. W. H. McGillivray, the Presbyterian padre from St. Thomas, Ontario, telling how well our boys are taken care of, how their health is better in the trenches than it is at home, how there is no drinking among them, how they are freer of sexual diseases than an equal number of their fellows at home, what a good time they have between the times they are under fire. Lentz and Chapple and the padre McGillivray had been there. The padre, who looks like a Catholic priest, had served in the hospitals. Lentz and Chapple had been on three fronts. They made everyone feel that they spoke the truth about the boys. They did not make the war out to be a picnic. Capt. McGillivray told hospital tales that made many of his auditors weep.

In the addresses of all these men I noted that their statements agreed with those in the three best dis-

tinctively war books that I have recently read: "Battering the Boche" by Preston Gibson (Century); "The Fighting Engineers" by Francis A. Collins (Century), and "The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me" by William Allen White (Macmillan). They had all had the same experiences. But for the nice little love story that runs through Will White's narrative of the journey of Henry M. Allen and himself, the speeches of Lentz and Chapple at East Aurora were only different treatment of the same material. The war had hit them all about the same way. It had inspired them with faith and admiration for the country, given them a sense of the glory of manhood and at the same time of the iniquity of war. Lentz and Chapple had banqueted with prime ministers. Chapple had even broken into Buckingham palace and interviewed King George. Both of them injected a little Italian and French into their Roycroft addresses. It went all right at East Aurora, as it might at Stratford-atte-Bowe. The boys though were their theme, the dear young, rollicking, serious boys. What could we home-stayers do for the boys? Write them letters, cheerful letters, lots of them. That is the best way to keep up the army's morale. Capt. McGillivray emphasized this too. He had seen more of the hell of war than Lentz or Chapple and told it beautifully, powerfully, but he and they were joyous in their insistence that our boys, all the boys, are good, honest boys, clean in soul and body. But I'd like to have seen Lentz and Chapple, both fat men like myself, going along in those zig-zag trenches with shells going over their heads. They made glorious American, Hubbardian speeches, even if John Lentz did work in a boost for the Moose—not Roosevelt's followers—and for the American Insurance Union, a consolidation of a dozen or maybe more fraternal organizations in an insurance scheme on a sound old-line basis; and even if Joe Mitchell Chapple did intimate that if his hearers wanted to know all he couldn't tell about his war experiences in the time allotted to him for speaking they should read his *National Magazine*—now—then—was the time to subscribe. John Lentz said that this war would end war and we would behold a Jeffersonian consummation in "a free man, in a free nation, in a free world," wherein dwelleth righteousness. I wish I shared his conviction as I do his hope. I think perfection is not yet. But then an ideal is to be aimed at even if it be unattainable. Joe Chapple is a bug on celebrities. He will introduce himself to anybody and ask him about it while telling him about it. This habit has made a celebrity of Joe himself. He is a pride of Boston. The war is making more celebrities and it means that Joe will be enabled endlessly to write as most pleases him, "mainly about people." Westerners may be interested to know that Frank Putnam of St. Louis, Milwaukee, the North American company, and occasionally of the MIRROR, was associated with Chapple in the founding of the very successful *National Magazine*. Likewise it is important to note that Joe Chapple looks like Irvin Cobb only not so handsome.



Frank Crane

Another Roycroft celebrant was Dr. Frank Crane. Everybody knows him. His editorials are printed in an hundred papers. His specialty is everything. Nothing that is human or inhuman—that is to say, German,—is foreign to him. He writes well, that is, simply. He's a pretty good radical. I've read articles of his about almost every reform proposal I ever heard of. Dr. Crane is sympathetic with them all. Some of them couldn't be put in the same room without producing an explosion. He is an interpreter of things he doesn't necessarily believe in. In this he is often much like Hubbard was. I remember Hubbard once wrote a Little Journey to the Home of Henry George and did it so well that Daniel Kiefer solicited him at once for a contribution to the single tax campaign fund, and Hubbard replied that he was for the single tax only for purposes of copy; for the rest the blamed thing couldn't be any

good or Bill Reedy wouldn't be advocating it. Frank Crane writes almost as much as Arthur Brisbane, but not so much at the top of his voice or in such long primer type. He used to be a preacher, but saw the error of his ways and quit, resigned his pulpit, went to Europe, on borrowed money, came back broke and took to writing in order to pay his board. Now he makes as much money out of his syndicated editorials as Walt Mason makes out of his prose-line poetry of the common people, which is about \$15,000 a year. Crane has an enormous following. Newspapers bid against each other for the exclusive right to publish his stuff in their territory. He isn't a sentimental sob-artist, though he can turn out a purple pathetic patch now and again. Great is he at popularizing science. He can tell you why we have those buttons on our coat sleeves or that maudlin is a corruption of Magdalen who used to weep and wail through mediaeval mystery plays, or tawdry is a degradation of St. Audrey whose shrines were decorated in shockingly bad taste. He talked of the curious distorted survivals of customs among the people and then he switched off to the war and had us all going like a house afire.



The Radicals

I met Harry Weinberger after Crane's speech. Harry is the attorney for Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman and all the folks in the east who have got in the way of the war. A bully fighter is he for free speech and all the rest of it. He lamented the attitude of Dr. Crane towards the war. He moaned "Ichabod." Crane was looked to as one who'd stand with the pacifists and such. But he didn't. He came out for the war. Crane is no lunatic logician. He sees that the way to clear the track for radicalism is to clean up the Germans. That's the reform precedent to all reforms. The others can wait. But while that's my theory too, I must say that Weinberger makes a good case about there being two kinds of law—one that holds the papers of Swift & Co. cannot be seized without a warrant specifying what is sought; the other that seizes I. W. W. papers with no warrant at all. I know another man the Department of Justice got after and it did to him about everything the constitution and the statutes say cannot be done invasive of civil rights. He thought he could get redress but no lawyer would take his case. What's the use? The Department of Justice does as it pleases. *C'est la guerre!* All governments fall back on force and law is hung up in a crises like the present one. The little liberties have to take a back seat while the larger ones are being made secure. Harry Weinberger doesn't admit this. Nor does the very nice young woman Miss Fitzgerald, a noted socialist, with whom I met him walking in the East Aurora grove. They had just come over from Cleveland where they had been concerned in a big meeting about the arrest of 'Gene Debs. I thought Debs was for the war. He said the St. Louis Socialist platform would have to be revised. Everybody thought that meant the Socialists should support the war. Not at all. Debs wants a one-line platform: "The world for the workers." He said war wouldn't get that. It is for the profiteers and plutocrats. So Debs was pinched. I think he'll get what Rose Pastor Stokes got at Kansas City, to-wit, ten years, unless he sends to St. Louis and employs Chester H. Krum who got Dr. Weinsburg off on an indictment under the espionage act by arguing that the expression of an opinion about the war is not obstructing the war and is not giving aid and comfort to the enemy. If I ever get into trouble in the federal courts I'll have no lawyer but Judge Krum, who has specialized in federal practice for more than fifty years. I hope the friends of 'Gene Debs will take notice.



Tom Mooney and Russia

Harry Weinberger is going about now on an interesting mission. You know Tom Mooney has been

convicted and sentenced to hang for bombing and killing a number of people at the San Francisco preparedness parade. Since his conviction it has been pretty well proved that at least two men perjured themselves and suborned perjury against him. That made no difference to the California supreme court. It affirmed Mooney's conviction on the record before it. The fate of Mooney is up to California's governor. President Wilson has asked the governor to pardon Mooney or commute his sentence. The governor has not answered. Union labor wants Mooney let off. The anti-union labor organization is violently opposed to such action. It looks to the labor unionists and insurgents generally as if Mooney will be hanged. Therefore they are working to have the President do a strange thing. They want the President as commander-in-chief of the nation's forces, under the blanket authority given him to conduct the war, to take Mooney out of the California jurisdiction. That will prevent the hanging. It's a large order. The President could do it I suppose and justify it, but it would make the constitution of the United States and all the states look like slices of Swiss cheese, full of ragged and jagged holes. If Mooney is hanged, say his friends, there will be a general strike. Most people in this country hadn't heard of Mooney until they read of the mob in Petrograd jabbering demands for his release under the windows of our ambassador David R. Francis. If Mooney is hanged the Bolsheviks will be made more bitterly inimical to this country at this critical time when we are trying to keep Russia from joining forces with Germany. We shall lose Bolshevik friendship there, and at the same time raise up Bolsheviks of our own. The latter I don't much fear. But the question is whether the President will take Mooney from the grip of California in order to keep labor quiet? In brief, will he yield to a petition that masks a threat? He is likely to be tired of that sort of thing. We had it in the case of the railroad wage raise. We are having it in the case of the threatened strike of telegraphers. And now this Mooney threat! The President cannot go on surrendering to Bolshevism. There's a limit. I think it likely that the governor of California will help the President out of the predicament.

The Mooney case figures in all talk of how we shall "help Russia." The Soviets, the Bolsheviks are friends of Mooney. They think he's being done to death by capitalist bourgeois. So thinking they don't want us intervening to save them from the Germans only to turn them over to the exploiters of the people. If we tell them we are for the worker and for freedom they reply, "Let Mooney go." Meanwhile Germany penetrates and pervades Russia more completely. The Germans may mobilize a Russian army against us. The Germans are not forgetting to use the Mooney case among the Russians. The San Francisco man is a world-issue. He typifies to the proletariat the world-revolution. The proletariat is to be "crucified" in him. All of which is little thought of by the people who are insisting that we send an army into Russia at once. They don't think what that may mean there and here, in view of Mooney and the revolution and the labor situation. Harry Weinberger says that we must not intervene in Russia, and that it will do little good to do anything else, unless Mooney is saved. Such talk at East Aurora! For Elbert Hubbard had little patience with unionism. He used to lambaste Sam Gompers. But that was long ago. Gompers is "some punkins" in the present administration, for good and sufficient reason. Labor "is in the saddle" and it will have a say on Russian intervention. What it will say through "good old Sam" I don't know; he's not much for the Bolsheviks who are, as he thinks, playing into the hands of the Germans. Gompers won't go into an international labor conference that contains German representatives. Just now he is probably more bent on unionizing the United States Steel corporation's plants than in anything else. The administration has tried several times indirectly to

tell the steel trust that it would get better results if it would unionize, but thus far the trust has always been able to show that if there is any let-down in their production it is due to poor transportation, coal shortage, anything but unorganized labor.

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Washington Gossip

It was at East Aurora that I heard—I shall not say from whom—a bit of live gossip from Washington. I referred to the supposed fact that Col. House, supplemented by Walter Lippmann, was formulating our peace policy from an analysis of European conditions. A person who might be supposed to know said: "Forget that about House. The man with the President's ear just now is Justice Louis D. Brandeis. It is Brandeis who will probably most effectively advise as to Russia and everything else. It is even said that Brandeis spiked the Gen. Leonard Wood gun at the White House, because Wood had characterized all pacifists as degenerates—this was before we were in the war." I may be permitted to say that it doesn't seem likely that Brandeis is advising Wilson. A supreme justice doesn't usually do such things, doesn't advise on things he may have to pass on judicially.

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The Arts

You get a little of everything at East Aurora. There is art and music as well. I don't know when I have heard better music than the piano playing of Lillian Hawley Gerhart, the violin playing of Martha Alexander, the soprano singing of Olive Nevin, of that Nevin family that is justly proud of Ethelbert. These three young and pretty women supplied the music for a week and at the end everybody wanted more. They are all technicians but their technique is not frozen or ossified. They have feeling as well as art. Miss Nevin is charming in her little introductions to her songs, her talks about the composers. She sings with enthusiasm. Indeed, I never knew musicians who were more generous in response to the call of audiences. For other art there were talks by the painters Alex Fournier and Sandor L. Landeau. The mural decorations of the Roycroft salon by Fournier are among the very best examples of that kind of art in this country. They are colorful, not washed-out as so many mural paintings are. They give the room a glow and they seem part of the nature picture framed by the salon windows on either side of the hall. Fournier's studio is a hang-out for many during Roycroft week. And it is always a gala day when he leads the crowd on a hike to a pretty glen and talks upon painting. Mr. Landeau talks on the salon and exhibits in the chapel. He is both a landscape and figure painter, whose work has an eager intensity with much freedom and a fearlessness of color. All this I mention to show the tone that is kept by the Roycroft establishment. It hasn't let down any since Hubbard's death. Bert Hubbard keeps up the tone of art and the open world. Bert is making, has made good. He isn't traveling on his father's name, makes no pretense of being another Fra, is very modest. Most Roycrofts are interested in the art and nature life all right but they want to know if the shop is making money. It is. Sufficient! And Mrs. Bert Hubbard is a coadjutor manager of the works fully as efficient as was Alice Hubbard, and good to look upon as she walks the decks like a sure and serene commander.

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The Detroiters

A remarkably fine thing at the Roycroft reunion was the address by James Schermerhorn of the *Detroit Times*. He talked war and the hope of the end of war, but I liked his reminiscences of the days when he was a plebe at West Point; his description in graphic bits of the life there; the picture of the funeral of General Grant and a few felicitous

touches about "Black Jack" Pershing from Missouri. Before Schermerhorn came, Mr. James Lamb talked about human speech. He was billed as a speech specialist. He told how to cure stammering and it was as interesting as S. M. Newton's cowlogy on milk and its general beneficence. Now Schermerhorn has a flow of speech as smooth as creamy milk, and hearkening unto him you'd never think there was such a thing in the world as stammering. A Schermerhorn speech is the slickest, smoothest speech you ever heard; never a knock in the talk cylinders. Entirely effortless. All this as to manner—as to matter, it's the good stuff of the new Americanism. Schermerhorn sees the war as a purification, but we'll have to watch it none the less, so it won't sidetrack us from our progress toward better civics. I should say that Schermerhorn is the biggest man in Detroit. I'll bet he's the pleasingest either in private or on the platform.

What? Schermerhorn bigger than Henry Ford? Yes. Hy. Ford is in a sort of eclipse. That's what he gets for getting into politics, though he hasn't got in very deep. Chase Osborn says openly that Ford isn't fit to be Michigan's senator, that Ford has said that there's a revel of profiteering at Washington among the dollar-a-year men, and Wilson knows it; that Ford broke his pledge to help out Olivet college with an endowment; that Ford sent a lot of professors to Europe to collect peace data, and then suddenly stopped their pay and left them high and dry; that Ford's son tried to evade the draft, and his exemption claim is still hanging fire; that Ford promised to turn his plant over to the government for nothing, but gathered in government work instead; that Ford isn't eligible to the senatorship because he is interested in government contracts; that Ford's philanthropy would be all right if it didn't involve his system of snooping into the home lives of his workmen. This is a big indictment. One wouldn't have thought it possible five years ago. It all comes of his coming out for senator. He says President Wilson asked him to do so. As showing what some people think of Ford, there are people in Michigan who think that President Wilson did no such thing. They don't believe Henry even when he has other people say things for him. Over in Detroit they say that Henry finally won't run for the senate. Other men make up his mind for him, and they are against his running. They will stop his candidacy when Ford's plant has had enough advertising out of it. The senatorship boom is on a par with the peace ship expedition. It is press agenting, conducted by Ford retainers. From all of which it appears that outside of automobile-making Henry is not an intellectual giant. But he seems to be making a good one-man Ford boat to fight submarines. Wherever there are Detroiters there is talk of Ford. A charming widow from the straits town heard me discussing him and she was surprised that I was interested in him. "Do you know," she said, "I've never ridden in a Ford in my life." If only Henry could have heard that I'm sure he'd place his hand on his heart and exclaim, "What's the use?"

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Nature too

For variety there's no place to beat East Aurora. The country round about is very beautiful for tramping or automobiling. And after I'd been over it one afternoon I heard Ernest Thompson-Seton the next morning talk of "Woodcraft." No one knows more about it, as you know from his books. But you should hear him talk about poison ivy or toadstools, or the primitive making of pottery. He says he never saw an American wild animal that would attack a man. You should see him describe his experience in photographing a bull of a prize English herd. And you can hear the old bull bellowing as he charges the youngster who has challenged his supremacy. Honestly, as Thompson-Seton goes on, you get as good a thrill as you could out of a bull-fight. Best of it is that there's humor thrown

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in. And if ever you are around where Thompson-Seton is just make him tell you the story of "Little Burnt All Over," the Indian Cinderella. I saw and heard him hold three hundred people in a happy hush for thirty minutes with it and when he finished everybody got up and shook hands and the kiddies danced around him, and John Barrett, of the Bureau of South American Republics got up and made a speech saying the Thompson-Seton story made him a boy again. It did the same for me. Thompson-Seton's "Woodcraft" cult is a great thing for man-making. It starts a boy off with an interest that will never die. It gives him an inexhaustible fund of pleasure and enlarges his sympathies. I mentioned John Barrett above. He talked too. He knows all about South America. It's a wonder land. And it just getting friendly with us. I'm sure he didn't tell all he knows about Mexico and Mr. Carranza. But he assured us that the Monroe Doctrine was safe, though I imagine it will have to be revised somewhat. John Barrett is a pleasing talker. He doesn't mean it at all, but you get the idea somehow that he's the proprietor, as it were, of Latin America.

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Purroy Mitchel

And just as the Roycroft Fourth of July celebration was drawing to a close came the news of the death of John Purroy Mitchel in an accident on the flying field in Louisiana. It saddened everybody. He was such a gallant figure. He showed his quality as mayor of New York. He was not afraid. Had he been a truckler, a time-server, a demagogue, he might have been re-elected. He was beaten—by the power of Hearst and Tammany. To have deserved such enmity is tribute to his character. He was fearless even of the Roman Catholic vote, when he condemned mismanaged Catholic institutions, though himself of that church. Defeated for office, he went into the aviation service. His bright life went out in the performance of duty and now New York that defeated him is "doing him honor." No one can do him honor. He was honor itself, with some defects of judgment and temper. He was abused because he was young and liked to dance. He was attacked because he moved in circles Hearst could not enter. No more worthy individual has been sacrificed in America in this war. His end brought out in high relief the quality of his character.

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

The Late Senator Tillman

SENATOR BENJAMIN RYAN TILLMAN went into the upper house somewhat as a monstrosity or freak. He was a pitchforker, a fire eater, an irreconcilable in opposition to education and political rights for the negro. In the Chicago convention that nominated Bryan he stood on a chair looking and talking like Marat. During the Roosevelt administration he was so ferociously in opposition as to be fantastic. But consideration like an angel came and whipped the offending Adam out of him. He became quite a conservative after having been the most violent of radicals within the Democratic party. He fell away from all the old wild-eyedness as to finance and social questions and was as conspicuous in later years for reason as he had been formerly for passion. In public character he became as lovable as in private character. The country ceased to mistrust him. He no longer enraged the Republicans or caused Democrats to quake in dread that he would commit some indiscretion in debate. He left to Vardaman and maybe one or two others the presentation of the south's view of its own peculiar problem. We forgot his state dispensary plan of dealing with the liquor question and began to know him generally as an equable and calm spirit, a man

of much historical and literary learning, one who thought nationally, not provincially. He was towards the end the typical senator of the old steel engravings. His death last week touched the popular heart very deeply. He had come to typify most dignifiedly the reunited country. He had risen to the great war with a power that had no touch of bombast or fanfarronade. He was so lacking in his old picturesqueness as to be inconspicuous. His was a force of character silent but strong. The country will miss him, and some day his life-story fully told will be an inspiration to the greater United States.

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A Price for Cotton

AN enormous cotton crop this year. The price drops. Immediately there is a demand that the government fix a fair price. No such demand when the shortage of supply sent up the price. And no regulation of that price. The south is doing quite well, thank you, under the present administration. But then the north did very well under many administrations in which it had control. All politics is not adjourned.

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The War and the Newspapers

NEWSPAPERS have already felt the war bear heavily on them. They will feel it more heavily from now on. They have suffered loss in advertising. The discontinuance, under government control, of railroad publicity, cost millions of dollars. Other advertising, too, fell off. This diminution of revenue will continue. With the stoppage of the production of non-essentials, the advertising of such things will stop. With the shortage of the paper supply the publishers will be compelled to cut down the spaces accorded to advertising. It is not likely that rates can be raised on reduced space to an extent sufficient to make up the revenue. From the greater journals the profitable "want ads" have largely disappeared. There are "wants" enough but no men to fill them. The papers will have to print fewer pages, for with advertising restricted and the price of paper going up, large editions will be ruinous to publishers. For the public this will be a blessing. Papers were too bulky. They were hard to read, with the articles playing hide and seek under and over "ads" and from one page and one section to another. The spread of advertising either crowded out news or it necessitated a lot of padding. Under the new postal zone system, publication managers have to pay more for mailing, but that is not the worst of it; the sorting and geographical grouping of their subscribers involves increased labor at such prices as labor has never commanded before. A clean sweep is to be made of the deadhead lists. There are to be no more sample copies to be distributed free. An advertiser will receive but one free copy that he may check his advertising therefrom. No more premium schemes for the promotion of circulation will be permitted to operate. Newsdealers will no longer be permitted to return unsold copies to the publisher and the publisher cannot buy them back at either the wholesale or retail price. Exchange copies between newspapers are to be discontinued. All this comes upon the publisher while he is meeting demands for increased pay from printers, pressmen, stereotypers, circulators and other workers. In hundreds of ways newspapers will have to save in order to be able to spend. Chiefly they will save paper. The daily and the weekly will be smaller. The market for writers will be narrowed. There will be fewer reporters and editors. We shall be relieved probably of the burden of the woman's page and the page of comics. We won't have the same news story told three times in one article. The summaries and condensations in boxes will be known no more. Headlines will take up less space, and there will be a smaller acreage of half-tone pictures of unimportant persons and places. The publicity bureaus of organizations and movements will have to shut up shop. There will be no space

for what is known in the business as "dope." Advance notices of shows will be small and slim. Local celebrities won't get space for their sayings and doings. A lot of prominent citizens will cease protruding into the prints. Only important things and persons will receive attention. Is there any sensible person who will regret these changes in the papers? Every one mentioned is an improvement. Even the reduction of space in advertising. It should result in better written and more artistically designed "ads." The department store advertising will probably suffer least. Those are not "ads" solely; they are news. They are now used extensively and effectively in furtherance of propaganda, but they will have fewer things to advertise later. For instance, the making of corsets is to be stopped to save steel. If the making of corsets stops, so will the advertising of them. There are no more fine hairpins. There is a plentiful lack of supply of thousands of articles the department stores have been used to advertise; no use advertising them when they aren't to be had. There will be a falling off in automobile advertising, including that of all accessories, for automobile output is being heavily curtailed, and we are urged to save gasoline. Already many newspapers have suspended publication; no big ones, but hundreds of small ones. Even the big ones will have to sail under bare poles very soon. Very few big ones have made any large profits since the war. They are all content if they can see their way clear to getting by without heavy loss. Most of them have raised prices on the daily issues but they cannot raise them much more. Two cents is about the price limit; for cents count in these days of the high cost of everything. Some Sunday newspapers in the east are now charging seven and eight cents per copy in the city of publication and ten cents outside that territory. Those prices will cut down the number of copies sold. For the Sunday paper is the poorest paper of the week nowadays. It is filled with stuff we can very well do without. Smaller papers week days and Sundays will mean, generally speaking, better papers, containing less news that isn't so, or is not important even if true. More papers may succumb to these conditions, and cease printing. Too many papers are unnecessary. The papers of character will survive. Our government does not want to force newspapers out of business. If any are put out, government won't do it. They will be forced to quit by conditions and their own inherent weakness. We shall discover, probably, the falsity of the excuse for bad papers, that they "give the people what they want." We shall not hear the public calling for the slush that has been forced upon them in the past. The war is hard on the newspapers but it is hard on everybody. But the war may, and undoubtedly will, give us smaller papers and better. That will be all to the good. It will improve the national morale by cutting out the printing of a lot of stuff that has no effect but to make the readers thereof woozy-minded. I believe that down in their hearts most newspaper men will be glad of the new conditions because of their tendency to restore journalism to its former dignity.

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Hearst's Aspirations

MR. ARTHUR BRISBANE has come out with an open letter advising his employer, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, to be a candidate for governor of New York. But what party will nominate Mr. Hearst? He helped elect Hylan mayor of New York city, but that doesn't mean that he can elect himself. The Republicans don't want him and the Democrats won't have him. He has wobbled woefully on the war, though I don't think he has ever been actually disloyal. The Socialists can't elect him and can't very well nominate him. So far as I can see there is no opportunity for Mr. Hearst to construct a platform on any middle ground between the old parties. There's only one American party now—the war party. It is no recommendation for political advancement of anybody that he is suspected of "rocking the

boat." Mr. Hearst may say he has criticised the work of those who have the responsibility for the war, but the criticism has not been justified. Secretary Daniels, Secretary Baker, all the secretaries, have come through with flying colors. The war work done in a year is wonderful. The building of railroads and docks in France, the safe transport of more than a million men across the sea, the supply of food and munitions, the shipping output—all these things are beginning to strike us with a certain splendor. We have done in a year marvels that eclipse the much vaunted efficiency of the enemy. No man who has belittled that work or the men who have done it, and by belittling increased the difficulty of doing the work, can be elected to anything in any state in the union. There's no chance in politics for any person like Hearst. Not even some great disaster would make a chance for him, because he isn't the kind of man anybody believes to be possessed of constructive abilities. Mr. Hearst's abilities are exclusively critical. They have their use and value, but not in public office. Some hundreds of thousands of people may hold that it would be unwise to suppress Mr. Hearst for his criticisms, but not one in a thousand of them would vote for him for governor of New York, simply because he has no fixed political principles and no coherent or consistent programme for anything. Politically he seems to want nothing but an office, and the more evident it is that this is what he wants the more certain it is that he will not get it. Still it is complimentary to Mr. Hearst that Mr. Brisbane, whom he pays the highest salary paid to any editorial writer in the world, wants Mr. Hearst for governor of New York. That Mr. Brisbane has no consistent political principles either, that he favors doctrines and policies mutually antithetic and interdestructive, like the famous felines of Kilkenny, is what we expect. Unfortunately there is no party just now that is both for and against everything simultaneously. Only such a party could nominate or elect a man like Mr. Hearst or his \$500,000 a year—is that the figure?—editorial writer, Mr. Arthur Brisbane. They are two interesting if incalculable men. They are of worth as political gadflies. They put other men to the test, and all programmes as well. They have an acidulous utility. But they don't know where they are going and they are obstructing the path of other men who do know where they are going and are on their way. The people may like to read the newspapers of Messrs. Hearst and Brisbane but they don't want the first-named on any job that requires steady and persistent and devoted work for a definite objective. Now, if ever, we want rationalists and realists on the job, and not sensationalists, blown about with every wind of doctrine.

Municipal Prophylaxis

By William Marion Reedy

READING the English newspapers these days one is struck by the appearance of large advertisements of movements calling for funds with which to combat venereal diseases. Erstwhile the subject was taboo in all publications there as it mostly is on this side of the water. This recognition of these diseases is another benefit brought by war. The plagues are to be fought to protect the army primarily, to save the boys from infection when they get back to blighty. And of course the civilians will be protected incidentally. In all the armies and in all the navies, except ours, the men are provided with prophylactic kits, the contents of which they are compelled to use for cleansing themselves, and they are compelled also to report to the medical officers after they have been exposed to infection. In our navy the secretary thereof is so opposed to prophylaxis, on high moral grounds, that he is spoken of by the irreverent in the service and by most physicians as Josyphillis Daniels. He thinks that prophylaxis invites to sin, and it's worse to lose one's soul than

to corrupt one's body, though it is not in evidence that the ban on prophylaxis in the navy keeps the men from the sin the secretary so much abhors. The Daniels idea is antiquated. It is passing away. If prophylaxis saves the sinner from some physical and mental consequences of his sin, it also saves the innocent from the infection that is spread abroad by the sinner by way of towels, brushes, water glasses and so forth. There is in process of organization a world-wide campaign against venereal disease, a campaign of preventive medicine.

Possibly it is not well known that in St. Louis this campaign has been under way for about six months, and that the results are just now being observed. It was inaugurated by Dr. Max C. Starkloff, health commissioner. The venereal clinic was established in February. When the clinic was first opened it was intended that only those persons should be treated who were found to have an infectious lesion of the red plague, and these were to be treated only when they applied for treatment. Publicity was given the fact of such a clinic's existence by means of about three thousand signs displayed in the toilets about the city. After thirty days it became apparent that the department must undertake curative work for the checking of conditions as to the two chief and worst of sexual diseases. In following out this purpose it was decided at a meeting of the mayor, the health, police and judicial officials, that the work should be done with the thoroughness rendered possible by the exercise of the police power in its efforts to rid the town of women who might infect the men of the army here on furlough. From that time on, all women picked up on the streets, caught in raids on houses of ill-fame or assignation hotels were referred to the clinic for examination. Quarters were established at the city infirmary for those women found to be infected and there they are now kept strictly isolated until free from the infection. The last report shows a total of 7,542 cases dealt with. There were 1,202 women arrested and examined. There were 708 cases of the two chief diseases referred to the clinic. There were 1,050 cases of the major disease, 625 cases of its appearance in primary lesion, and 3,957 cases of the generally believed minor venereal disease—though in fact it is said by some to be more protean in its evil results and its far-flung ramifications than its more terrifying associate affliction. The 708 cases were merely prophylactic ones. Of the 1,202 women arrested and examined, 325 were found infected, 159 of whom were interned. The weekly average of admissions since the opening of the detention hospital has been fifty women.

Dr. M. C. Woodruff, chief diagnostician of the clinic, reports that a conservative estimate would show that each infected person among these women if at large would expose to infection an average of four persons a day. When we reflect that these four would expose to infection still others each day we gain some conception of the rapidity and the scope of the steady spread of the poison. There is nothing with which to compare it but wildfire. One can readily understand the alarmist character of the utterances upon this social danger by those who are informed as to its dissemination in the great cities. Suppose smallpox could be passed along as freely in any community! And yet the other diseases are worse than smallpox, worse than any disease, however fatal, for they produce many and grievous afflictions before in the end they bring death in some of its most horrifying forms.

Dr. Woodruff says, however, that within the past eight weeks there has been a gradual decrease in the number of prostitutes sent to the clinic from the police courts. He says "this would tend to show that good is being accomplished in the clearing up of the venereal situation." This may mean that the women are only being frightened away. If so, they are only carrying such infection as they may have out of reach of the examiners. If it means that there is a decrease in the number of infected

women the report is much more heartening. Merely making the women "move on" is one thing. Making those who remain non-infectious is another and a better thing. How important, one may understand when one is told that syphilis is the cause of all cases of paresis and locomotor ataxia, of from twenty to sixty per cent of all heart diseases, of aneurism, a large percentage of the cases of nervous breakdown, hardening of the arteries, of much Bright's disease, liver disease, anaemia and other ailments. The infectious state of this causative infection can be obliterated and stopped at once by the use of the discovery of Ehrlich—606, or salvarsan. Two doses at weekly intervals does the work.

Health Commissioner Starkloff managed to get the city to appropriate the money to buy the salvarsan and set to work with the result briefly summarized above. It cures the person infected and prevents his or her transmitting the infection to others. A very few years of application of the treatment under an adequately organized municipal clinic, with branches in various parts of the city, would shortly exterminate the pest. Every dollar spent gives return ten-fold. The work can be done with almost unimaginable thoroughness through the co-operation of the entire medical profession with the physicians in the service of the municipality.

St. Louis is the first city in the United States to undertake this work, the importance of which cannot be overestimated, but strange to say no daily paper will print a line about it, just as they refuse to discuss the necessity for a hospital for the treatment of venereal diseases. The victims of those diseases are debarred from all other hospitals. They are out-cast as were the lepers of old. And because of the prejudice represented by the studied silence of the daily press it comes about that even if the city had a venereal hospital, those who might use it would not go there because they would not want, or their friends would not want, it to be known that they could have such diseases, though they may be contracted innocently enough by persons guiltless of the "sin" with which the diseases are associated in the public mind. The press and the public ignore these diseases and their doing so is disastrous in that such a course helps the spread of the contamination. Such wilful ignorance has been sustained at the cost of thousands of lives. It made the health commissioner go about the work of cure and prevention almost furtively. It might have been, it may be even yet, denounced as immoral, even as the use of anæsthetics in child-birth was so denounced because it seemed to defeat the prophecy that woman should give birth in pain and anguish, even as some Scotch Presbyterians say life insurance is immoral because it tends to make people less fearful of death and—delightful *non sequitur*!—more loose in their living. All that is the Josephus—'tis a great temptation to use the nickname for him—Daniels idea.

The health commissioner has put into effective operation a social, hygienic, prophylactic fire department that is checking and will finally stop altogether a fire that burns out bodies and souls in number almost incalculable. The work should be celebrated, not ignored.

What of the women who are cured? Dr. Woodruff suggests that something be done to prevent their going back to the life that is full of the possibility of re-infection. They cannot obtain employment. They have no place to go. They are forced back into the old ways in order to gain a livelihood. Homes should be provided for them, and work to enable them to support themselves. There is but one institution that meets this need—the Euclid Avenue Home maintained by the charity of a few well-known ladies. So prophylaxis, though a good thing, will not stop the red plague. There is something that promotes it faster than prophylaxis can check it. That is poverty. The thing to do is to abolish poverty, which will abolish prostitution. That is the great prophylaxis, but I don't know that Josephus Daniels and other moralists, among them William Jennings Bryan,

are aware that this prophylaxis, this anti-poverty, anti-prostitution salvarsan exists. I can tell them it does. It is as sure a cure and preventive as Ehrlich's 606. The moralists who will see, can find the prescription in "Progress and Poverty" by Henry George, but they will probably be afraid of it because its application will kill so many pleasant evils of which so many moralists have profit.

♦♦♦♦

Reactions of a Reader

XIV. TO BRITONS AS LITERARY ARTISTS

By Alliterarius

IF you haven't read it, by all means do so. I mean Alexander Harvey's opus on William Dean Howells. It enlivened me during an evening when otherwise my spirits would have reached a very low ebb. I don't agree with Alexander in all his *obiter dicta*. Oh, no—not at all. I hope this will not grieve him, but if it does he can cheer up by reflecting that many of them find me very sympathetic. And then—there's that Index! There never was anything like it. Never—never—never! The book in itself is sufficiently stimulating. But the index is more so—considerably. For me, it runs the late Ambrose Bierce's "Cynic's Word Book" a close race for priority in its own special *genre*. And it has this advantage: Bierce, you know, was so terribly inhuman, or unhuman, or dehumanized—you can take your choice. While Harvey is among the humanest of all great—or should I say very great?—authors. That Index just palpates with human nature. How I would like to have Alexander Harvey do an index to the Encyc. Britt.! I believe if this could be consummated and appended that the work, in its new form, would even elicit the approval of Mr. Huntington Wright, which is one of those things that all authors burn and yearn to win; feeling, without it, that life is not worth living—that is, *la vie littéraire*.

But to proceed. I have described Mr. Harvey's book as stimulating. And among other things it stimulated the critic of the New York Times to terrible things. This critic was moved to such rage by the perusal of Mr. Harvey's remarks upon the British as overrated literary lions that he suggested the government's attention be attracted thereto. It was, he averred, a treasonable thing to print such criticism of the noble writers of our great ally, and his intimation was that Alexander Harvey be interned along with Dr. Muck, Captain von Papen and other enemy aliens of pernicious activity. Strangely enough, however, the government has taken no notice whatever of this tip and Mr. Harvey, at last accounts, was still at large and being allowed all the rights of a loyal citizen, although there is every reason to believe that he may be cogitating other treasonable criticisms of British writers. Horrible thought! For I learn upon undoubted authority that he contemns the literary supplement of the New York Times and is prepared to enrage its loyal reviewers again and yet again if the mood should seize him—and incidentally I may say that Mr. Harvey is a creature of moods. Quite so. And just what his newest or latest one may provoke him to, no man can foretell. Not even a psycho-analyst.

But again to proceed—for I find that I am approaching my real *point d'appui* somewhat circuitously: While I do not by any means hold the same opinion of the British lion (literary) in all cases that Mr. Harvey has recorded, I must say that to most of 'em (the lions) I react very weakly, or else not at all. The principal reason for this is because they cannot write. My literary digestion, in the process of time, has reached that state of impairment which disables it from assimilating anything that is not well written, preferably very well written. And, I repeat with Mr. Harvey, that, for the most part, British writers, particularly those most lionized, cannot write. That is, they cannot if you judge them

by the writings of men who can. You have only to read a book written by a continental literary lion, even in translation, to perceive the abysmal gulf which separates it from a British production similarly authored, as a finished artistic performance. I care not whether it be by a French, an Italian, a Spanish, a Danish, a Dutch, a Swedish, a Russian or a Polish writer, and I except only those books written by the Germans; which, need I remark, represent a depth so much lower than that in which the Britons flounder that by comparison the last-named do indeed appear as artists of ineffable attainments. But very few people read German books nowadays—and still fewer will in the future.

As this fair land, God's own country, is largely populated by literary anglomaniacs, with standards of which the New York Times Literary Supplement is a chosen exponent, I do not expect an overwhelming endorsement of these sentiments. Yet they are capable of immediate and convincing proof. But first I want to specify what I mean by a British writer. I mean by it one typically and essentially British in the manner in which the French writer is French, the Italian writer is Italian, the Russian writer is Russian, etc., etc. I mean by it the British writer, British born and bred, British trained and developed and hall-marked. And not those men of British blood or extraction who belong elsewhere so far as their literary origins and performances are concerned.

There is just one great exception to this rule among living men. That is Thomas Hardy. But, while he continues to publish from time to time volumes of poetry strangely powerful and individual, Hardy is really a man of the past, not of the present. He is a relic of the Victorian age—that despised period in which giants flourished that pygmies nowadays pelt with paper pellets of the brain, thinking thereby to send them crashing into oblivion.

I can think of nobody else. William de Morgan, of course, will come to mind. But wait a minute. While de Morgan's books seem to be survivals of the Victorian age and, to all appearances, are British to the marrow, alike in matter and method—wait a minute! William de Morgan lived during the best years of his life in Florence, one of the distinguished company of cosmopolitan Italianates which foregathered there. There he imbibed influences and mixed with a society that were powerfully formative and enabled him to become a wonderful literary artist. Had he remained at home, this would never have been so.

If a vote were to be taken upon the question, Who is the greatest British writer now really active? there is little doubt what the name would be. It would be that of a Pole, Joseph Conrad, born Korzeniowski, who did not even know the English language until a grown man. And only observe what he is able to do with it! Things to make the practitioners born to its use hang their heads in shame and confusion!

Only one writer of English has palpably exerted a strong influence upon Conrad. That man is (or was, for he died recently) Henry James, an American, who was formed upon continental models, most notably, French and Russian. He may not have written like any of them—but it was Balzac, Flaubert, Tourgueniev, *et al.*, whose names were perpetually on his lips and about whom he wrote repeatedly. Henry James finally became a British subject and settled in England. Many British writers have shown or do show traces of his influence, but the only one which it has not harmed has been the Pole, Conrad. The native-born are only, as a rule, made worse by it.

Kipling is a more famous writer than Conrad, but he comes not out of England, but India. There he was born and bred up, there he wrote the books that made him celebrated the world around and they are about Indian subjects. When he became famous and began telling of his origins, his first potent influence he said was an American—Bret Harte. And here enters the tragic irony of the situation. Harte, you know, after making his reputation in America, went to England and spent the rest of a lengthy life

there—and never produced anything to compare with his early work in all that period. The British literary atmosphere was too much for him and at the end he "lagged superfluous"—a sad tale, my masters.

Maurice Hewlett has produced some of the most gorgeous pages of English prose written in our time and certain books that will live long. He is another of the Italianates. None of the books mentioned are at all evidential of modern British influence. They are frankly exotic in form and texture, most of them laid in a romantic no-man's land of his own invention. His latter-day books with modern, or semi-modern, British *dramatis personae* are not within a thousand miles of his "Little Novels of Italy," "Forest Lovers" or "Richard Yea-and-Nay." His British literary progenitor is Malory, who lived about half-a-thousand years ago and whose "Morte d'Arthur" was translated from French originals.

F. W. Bain, whose "Draught of the Blue," "Essence of the Dusk," "Ashes of a God" and other bibelots are among the most exquisite things yet written in the English language, is in blood a Scot and has derived his inspiration from India—his tales were first offered and accepted as translations from the Sanskrit!

W. H. Hudson, who has of late been the subject of so much *réclame*, spent the formative part of his life in South America and his *pieces de resistance*, "Green Mansions," "The Purple Land," "Idle Days in Patagonia," *et al.*, are *exotica*. Hudson, however, is in some respects truly British. Side by side with beautiful and perfect pages and passages in his books there are others worthy only of a schoolboy. "The Purple Land" is patched together as by a cobbler. "Green Mansions" goes all to pieces at the back end until you are fairly ready to cry for disappointment and vexation. And here again we reach an American derivation—for "Green Mansions" is palpably reminiscent of Herman Melville's "Typee" and "Omoo." The best of Hudson is un-English.

Take another instance—Hilaire Belloc, in sundry of whose books I have found delight because of brilliance of workmanship and sustained tonality. He is the son of a French father, much of his culture is French and his best book—"The Path to Rome"—contains nothing to hint that such a part of the universe as England ever existed. . . . If you want a genuine contrast, purely British, take Chesterton and observe the difference, most instructive, between an artist and a clown.

The most admired and lionized of British writers of to-day, by the British and the Anglomaniacs, who feel that here we have real, simon-pure, blown-in-the-bottle literary genius, are H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett. We may count Wells out in the beginning because he himself has stepped onto the witness stand and solemnly testified and affirmed that he knows nothing about art, doesn't want to, and considers it a fraud and a nuisance. Well—he needn't have gone to such trouble! His books proclaim it in clarion tones. As for Bennett, he would like to be an artist, has a sneaking itch in that spot. But, being British, he can't be. He is that most deadly of all things, a near-artist, his productions bearing the same relation to truly artistic ones that a rug made of Brussels carpet does to those fabricated upon the looms of Sarouk or Kermanshah.

What are such writers beside, for example, one like George Moore? And of course this brings me to the Irish. It is one of the signs that God loves 'em, that he has endowed 'em with the ability to write the language of the hated Sassenach a great deal better than he can himself. There's Moore, as I have mentioned. There's Lord Dunsany. There's James Stephens. There's St. John Ervine. There's James Joyce. There's Shane Leslie. There's Dermot O'Byrne. And—there's W. B. Yeats!

Speaking of the Irish—I read the other day in some lit'ry colyum or other that William McFee, the author of "Casuals of the Sea," was "a typical Briton." A McFee a typical Briton! And where, may I ask, did he get his name! Many are the McFees that I have encountered, the most famous

one—prior to William—being Biddy, the baseball artist, whose endeavors, in my salad-days, I often wildly applauded. And if they were not, one and all, Celts of the Celts, I do not want a cent! William a "typical Briton" indeed! And moreover, William has been a wanderer over the face of the earth most of his life, if his biographer is to be believed, for the greater part upon the high seas. He has also spent much time in America, and there, I learn, "Aliens" was first written.

As time passes, I find the average English-made novel more and more unreadable. I simply cannot digest it—my organism as a reader refuses its office. This being particularly true when it is not only English-made but "typically British" in atmosphere. Miss Sinclair is terribly clever—entirely too clever—but she afflicts me with incurable ennui. John Galsworthy is not so clever as Miss Sinclair and he has more substance, lacking also the lady's fidgety, glittery, feminine fussiness. But two or three of his books leave me an exhausted receiver. I do not pant for others. I do not deny his good workmanship—but it takes something more than good workmanship of that kind to make literature that will last, or that, if it does not last, skims the meridian leaving a luminous wake. Yet our Anglomaniac reviewers grow almost hysterical in writing up Galsworthy as not only great but sublime. Well—he may be as things "typically British" go. But not otherwise.

Why is it that an Englishman to be an artist must now be an Irishman, or a Scot, or a Pole? Or be born in India or raised in South America? Or sail the high seas, or sojourn in the U. S. A., or become Italianate? Why is it that the modern Englishman who stays at home and remains purely and intrinsically British, from the skin in, cannot produce such literature as the Frenchman, the Italian, the Spaniard, the Russian, the Scandinavian, do under similar circumstances? Barring Loti, the great French writers as a rule stay close to that dear Paris and concern themselves most successfully with their own terrain. No Russian ever produced anything worth while that isn't intensely and absolutely Russian. So of the Spaniards, the Italians, the Scandinavians. But the farther he gets away from England the better, apparently, the Englishman writes and the more interesting the things he finds to write about.

What is the secret of this peculiar and extraordinary condition? Well—it isn't far to seek. One of our Puritan forefathers—I forget whether it was Cotton Mather or Samuel Sewall—said that every preacher of the Established Church "had a pope in his belly." The home-bred, home-made British author is similarly afflicted. He may not have a pope, but he has a preacher in his belly—or, if not a preacher, a self-conscious moralist or reformer. He may deny it, but he cannot escape it. Mr. Wells is a salient instance. Those who go abroad or worship strange gods may succeed in spewing up the pestiferous occupant of their insides and, thereby, become artists. But for the others there is no hope!

♦♦♦♦

Symbols

By George O'Neil

OVER the tall white picket fence
That keeps the garden all for me
The rose vine's flowering is dense
And deeper red than blood can be.

I stood, this morning, looking down
From my window and saw a line
Of men pass by in dusty brown
Beyond the crimson of the vine. . . .

The vine is heavier to-day
And redder from a fresh light rain,
But now I think I shall not say
That roses are like blood, again.

Fighting for Freedom

By Vine McCasland

FOUR years ago the citizens of St. Louis were inspired to undertake an historical and symbolic pageant on a very ambitious scale. It turned out to be not merely huge, but colossal. It was a memorable event in the history of St. Louis. The day that the first explorers discovered the site of St. Louis was a great day, but the day that St. Louis discovered itself was a greater. Spectators and performers alike were astonished that we, the common people, could do so well, in an experiment which brought together the most diverse elements.

It took perhaps fully as many people to perform the Pageant of St. Louis as it did to erect the pyramid of Cheops. The pyramid endures, a solid, substantial fact. And what is the result of all the effort expended on the production of the pageant? Was it only a vision, brief as the glory of a sunset? On the contrary, its beauty has become part of us, our permanent possession; and its afterglow has had effects greater than anyone could trace.

Civic pageantry proved to mean more to this community than an ephemeral pleasure. It awakened in the people of St. Louis and provided an outlet for the dormant capacity for self-expression in various arts. It let us share in creating a beautiful thing that had meaning for us. It brought out in ourselves and in our neighbors gifts that we should otherwise not have guessed were there. And there was a certain pride in the knowledge that we had not paid others to entertain us, but out of our own inner resources had come the wonderworkers.

Other cities have had occasional pageants. St. Louis alone has cared enough to create a permanent Municipal Theatre association and an outdoor theatre adequate in size and dignity to stage its visions.

Our celebration of Independence Day this year was in several respects unique in our whole history. It was an almost noiseless Fourth. There was little of the boisterous excitement and racket that accompany exploding firecrackers and the fiery upward rush of rockets bursting with a kiss among the stars. For years our Fourth had been losing its solemnity, its significance as a national holiday. It had become the boys' day. Young America turned loose and revelled in mere noise. We had lost sight of what it was all about.

Now once more Independence Day has patriotic meaning. It is again a *man's* day. We are growing up. We are able to express our love for America without a violent racket and without bumpiously depreciating every other land. For best of all, this year the meaning of our Independence Day has far transcended our national limits. Our Fourth has been hailed with grave, brotherly salutation by the men of England, and with deep kindred feeling by the men of France. All our allies have made us know that they have a part, a sympathetic interest, in the day that commemorates a decisive step in our progress towards liberty. And even as they make our day of rejoicing theirs, we rise to our feet when their national anthems are sung and raise our hats to salute their flags.

These new feelings of better understanding among nations, this casting off of old narrowness for a world point of view, were implied and expressed in the pageant "Fighting for Freedom," written by Thomas Wood Stevens, with music by Ernest R. Kroeger, and presented in the Municipal theatre in Forest park, on the evenings of July 4, 5, 6 and 7, by a cast of over a thousand citizens and five professional actors. The actors taking the leadings roles were Henrietta Crosman as *Liberty*, Robert Edeson as *England*, Helen Ware as *Belgium*, Irving Pichel as *Autocracy*, and Eula Guy as *France*. Non-professionals who also played important roles were William T. Findly as *Justice*, Lucy Barton as *Truth*, and Veolontine Lovington Bollinger as *America*.

I shall, of necessity, leave to a more competent

musical critic a consideration of Mr. Ernest R. Kroeger's score, but with a single exception, to be noted later, the music supported the action and blended with it so harmoniously as to form an integral part of the performance. It is difficult to judge an ambitious work on one hearing, and one not instructed in the technicalities of music would not dare attempt it; but from the point of view of a mere layman, the music of Mr. Kroeger may be heartily praised as fully up to the standard of the rest of the work. The short time in which it was produced should also be remembered. Many a composer has spent years of labor on a work as long as this one. In securing Mr. Kroeger as composer, the Municipal Theatre association was able to rest in confidence that the music would be worthy of the pageant.

Though elaborate in detail, the scheme of the pageant was simple. Part I, The Pilgrimage of Liberty, showed typical episodes in the struggle of Liberty and Autocracy since the world began,—such events as the fight of Greeks and Persians at the pass of Thermopylae, the signing of Magna Charter, the American Declaration of Independence, the storming of the Bastille, Lincoln's emancipation of the slaves. At the conclusion of these episodes, *Autocracy* and his followers attack the temple of *Liberty*, but the spirit of *Liberty* escapes unscathed. Part II, The Drawing of the Sword, epitomizes crucial events in the history of the great war up to the present moment. Before the thrones of *Truth*, *Justice* and *Liberty*, the allied nations come to plead their cause.

Following a bright and lovely dance by young girls and little children, spirits of Liberty, bearing a long garland, there was a very effective sword dance by the half-naked slaves of *Autocracy*,—a truly savage thing of interweaving swords and high, prancing steps evocative of the ceremonial dances of black savages in darkest Africa. However, the accompanying chorus, "Down, down, down with" something undistinguishable, was weak. It noticeably lacked paprika.

Liberty promises to demonstrate to scoffing *Autocracy* that she has always defeated him, throughout the ages, even at the moments when he seemed most triumphant. The first of the episodes shown, the famous scene at Thermopylae, went with a fine dash. The warriors were so fierce that it was fortunate the property man had denied them real knives and spears or there might have been numerous Greco-Persian casualties for the ambulance waiting on the hill. Were history taught in this dramatic fashion, how readily the school children would lap it up! Just at the end of the Thermopylae episode occurred, on the opening night, a slight contretemps which marred the effect a little but was good-humoredly enjoyed by the audience. Two diminutive ponies were to have drawn the chariot of the victorious Persian at full charge against the routed Greeks. But the ponies got rattled or stubborn, as ponies will, and charged into the bushes, where they became so tangled up that the Greeks had a fine opportunity for a counter charge.

In this episode the Pyrrhic dancers evoked much sincere admiration for their spirited dancing and their attractive costumes. Some of them were clad in garments whose colors reproduced the yellow-pink and dull black of old Etruscan vases, and in their postures the figures on the cases came to life. In a mimic war they crouched and lunged, pursued and fled and in the finale the victors skipped superbly around the prone figures of the vanquished. Altogether it was a very pretty war, and the youthful *élan* of the dancers was contagious.

Pictorially, the scene of the signing of Magna Charta by King John was one of the finest things in the pageant. An effect of old tapestry was obtained by the canopy of black and gold used as a background for the slow, gorgeous procession of barons and dignitaries of the church. Another notably successful scene was that of the Emancipation Proclamation.

(Continued on page 429)

Letters

Ford
M.

Editor of
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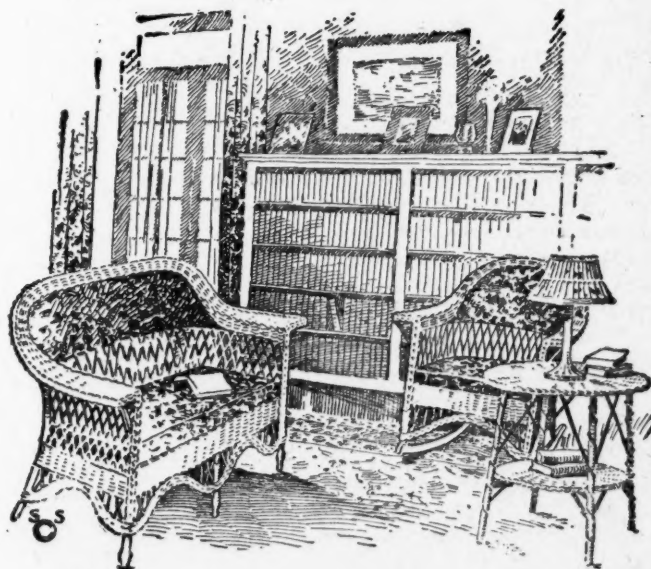
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Letters From the People

Ford and the United Railways

Milwaukee, Wis., June 29, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Uncle Woodrow is politically wiser than the owl editors who knock Henry Ford's senatorial candidacy because Henry is not a "statesman."

Wilson wasn't a "statesman" either when he ran for governor of New Jersey—to hear the editors tell it. He was only a "professor" as Ford is only a "business man."

The human race has got a bellyful of "statesmen" during the last four years. Folks are going to elect some human beings for a change. Ford will win in a walk.

FRANK PUTNAM.

P. S.—No, I didn't hire Jackson to steal the referendum petitions. My United Railways job ended when the advertising campaign ended.

Nobody that knows Richard McCulloch will believe for a minute that he knew anything about the idiotic referendum theft. McCulloch has both a sense of humor and a sense of honor.

Anybody not an utter fool must have known the theft of the petitions would be instantly exposed, and that its ex-

posure, especially if it could be made to look like a company job, would injure the company more than anything else conceivable.

Sherlock Holmes on that job, besides running down Jackson, would probably ask himself these questions:

1. What man or men had most interest in discrediting the company or its management?

2. What man or men had most interest in preventing a referendum endorsement of an ordinance that would compel the company to scale down its total of stocks and bonds from \$100,000,000 to \$60,000,000?

If it appears when the guilty are all caught—as I earnestly hope they will be—that the higher-up was not an officer of the company, I hope he'll get the limit in the penitentiary. If it appears that the higher-up was an officer or responsible agent of the company, I hope he'll get a life term in an institution for the feeble-minded where he would properly belong.

Dope it any way you like, the ordinance was sure to get a majority vote in the referendum. The company wasn't satisfied with it, but took it as the only way out of its troubles short of bankruptcy. The city traded hard—harder than it will ever be able to trade again,



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if the ordinance now suffers defeat in the referendum. The management of the company was undoubtedly glad to get its long wrangle with the city ended on almost any terms, at the time the ordinance passed, and it is equally certain the management of the company hoped and believed the ordinance would be ratified by a substantial majority in the referendum.

The public's endorsement of the settlement in a referendum would have greatly strengthened the company's hand in getting the millions of new capital it must get to satisfy St. Louis' need for new lines and line extensions. Investors, assured by the referendum endorsement of the ordinance that St. Louis public sentiment was back of the settlement, would have been readier to put their savings into the business. The risk of loss being thus reduced, the new capital could have been got much cheaper than it can be, wanting such a popular endorsement of the settlement.

The management of the company,

then, had every reason to want the referendum held. It had no reason on earth to try to prevent the holding of a referendum. Whoever planned and paid for the burglary, the company is the chief present victim. If the ordinance is defeated in the referendum coming, the people of St. Louis will lose even more than the company.

The criminals should all be caught and given the limit. The ordinance should be approved in the referendum. Under it the company should be required to scale capital down to value, as its management wishes to do, so acquiring, for the first time in many years, a credit position that will enable it to give ample good service at its fair cost.

F. P.

Prohibition or License

Youngstown, Ohio, July 4, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Mr. Whidden Graham's letter in last week's issue of your delightful paper, like all the "wet" letters you

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publish, was flawless democratic argument as far as it went and from the premises taken, but it was not the whole story. By ignoring the big facts in the case he makes a specious appeal to our democratic instincts in the interest of monopoly.

Let us see. Mr. Graham is against prohibition, but, from anything he says, he is not against license. Now, license is a compound of prohibition and monopoly which has made more dry sentiment than all the sky pilots and other dry influences put together. The monopoly created by license is, next to land monopoly, the cruellest of our governmental curses.

So, it is plain it seems to me, that Mr. Graham, while making the democratic part of the wet argument, stands nevertheless for monopoly, and while arguing against the dries, stands for prohibition—the meanest, dirtiest kind of prohibition.

I am not against drink for man or

woman. I take liquor almost every day and would not like to be deprived of it, yet I vote dry and shall continue to vote dry so long as the license law is on the books.

Yours for the utter defeat of Mr. Graham's prohibition,

GEORGE EDWARDS.

Abolishing Inheritance

Long Branch, N. J., July 3, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

One may well agree with your correspondent, C. F. Hunt, that the right to demise depends upon the right to hold. What one owns by right of production, or in return for service rendered, is his, to dispose of during life or upon his death. Governments like ours exist for the express purpose of securing individual rights, and it is poor business for governments, in ordinary times, to rob inheritors by taxing plans.

Every dollar obtained by states or the nation from inheritance taxes is the proceeds of either robbery under the guise of taxation, or a belated effort to take what should not in the first place have been owned.

It is true, as Mr. Hunt said in his letter printed in your issue of June 28, that it is the workers that produce both wages (the return to labor) and rent (the return to land or landowners), but is it not also true that the workers also produce interest (the return to capital) in the same sense—that all produce is the result of the application of labor to land, the produce including the result of labor's use of capital where capital is used?

Is it true, as Mr. Hunt says, that "capital produces wealth?" Hardly. Is it true, also, that "the wealth produced by labor and capital, above the quantity which labor could produce without capital, is the product of capital?"

I should say this suggests the idea that labor is entitled to no advantage whatever when it uses capital owned by others than the laborers—that all the advantage of using capital should go to the owners of capital.

Is this a sound proposition to set forth? What proof of it can Mr. Hunt quote from any of Henry George's works, or can he himself advance?

GEORGE WHITE.

Capital Cannot Exploit

530 Aldine Ave.,
Chicago, July 7, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Reedy said Harlan Eugene Read is a single taxer, whereas he is a socialist and uses socialistic terms and arguments.

"That monopoly can be destroyed while monopolists inherit all the economic power of capital, is absurd."

Henry George teaches that capital as such has no exploiting power. Its only function under freedom of opportunity is to be employed by labor, reaping only the going rate of interest. Where labor has power to claim natural wages, i. e., the full product of free land, capital must offer more, or laborers cannot be engaged.

Under land monopoly capital may be exchanged for an exploiting power, which is a legal power. Destroy the legal power, and inheritance can do no harm, other than to pass on the bad moral title to unearned wealth; but to restore such wealth to the producer is another matter.

The proof: If I inherit to-day vacant land, and before the probating is completed all taxes are abolished except one on land value, I find I have no legal power to exploit land users, hence my wealth has disappeared. It had never been real, being only exploiting power. The point is that this power has been destroyed without abolition of inheritances.

Suppose I had inherited factories, machines and money. These would have no power to exploit (except as we believe the socialists) because capital can exploit labor only by paying low wages.

But four-fifths of our land is set free, and labor may claim full wages, which I must pay, and be content only with what my capital earns. In either case, any labor spent on abolition of inheritances would be wasted, for all exploitation goes with land monopoly. If proof is wanted that this is the real George doctrine, I can produce it in abundance.

The matter of gifts did not involve tips, bribes or booze, but only whether a parent may give what he honestly earned, to a child, and whether this right can be denied when the condition of the gift is the death of the parent. How "prove" a basic moral concept? If the title of producer is good, it covers the power of giving or selling the product. *Verboten*, like drinks to beggars, do not make it true that: "No man has a right to receive what he does not earn." "No man" excludes the child, or heirs, as well as the boozier, if I correctly learned English in the little old red schoolhouse. Hence my astonishment.

Abolition of inheritance would do no good. Who would get the titles? The state? Devised lands would be sold to new monopolists, the rent exploitation would continue; or else the state would be landlord, leasing the ground—on what terms? The prevailing rates, of course, and the high rents of such land would be upheld by monopoly of all other land.

Would the state claim capital or other wealth? and become florist, boot-maker or clothier? Or sell the capital which would thereby continue taking profit from low-waged producers?

\$1.50 is rather high for the privilege of refuting a socialist, but if Bill will allow me to more thoroughly refute the book, I will be game and buy one.

C. F. HUNT.

Mexican Oil

Kansas City, Mo., July 9, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In reading your editorial in last week's MIRROR on "Zimmermanism," it seems to me you fall into an error when you speak of "our protest against confiscation of the oil properties of our nationals" by the Mexican government. From information which I have before me, contained in a copy of the *Mexican Review* for April, the statement is entirely wrong. This contains a copy of the law taxing petroleum lands, classifies these lands and states exactly what the tax is levied on. It is nothing more nor less than a tax on privilege; not on production. It taxes all royalties for those lands in Class A on a sliding scale, beginning with fifty per cent of the royalties or rentals for the first year and increasing it ten per cent per year for five years. It levies no further taxes on machinery, pipe, tankage or any of the facilities for production. It taxes oil land values only. It is the clear-cut application of the single tax so far as oil lands are concerned.

There are over four million acres of petroleum lands now under lease in Mexico. Of this immense area, ten per cent pays no rental whatever. Three million, three hundred and twenty-five thousand acres pay a rental of less than two dollars per acre, the average being about thirty cents Mexican or fifteen

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cents American gold. Only one hundred seventy-five thousand acres out of the total amount pays over four dollars per acre, the average being two dollars. The entire area pays a total annual rental of six million, four hundred thousand dollars, or an average of about one dollar and sixty cents per acre; equivalent to eighty cents in American gold. That is less than we pay on wild-cat stuff in this country. I know, because I am paying it.

The only possible stretch of the imagination one can think of that would interfere with production is the superimposing of a tax of from ten to twenty per cent on land ranging in value from five to twenty pesos per hectare and might lead to producers paying to land owners a larger rental. In no other way could it be considered, as a tax on production, and it falls short of being any confiscation of property.

The action of our government can be fully justified on another ground now, but I think it should be done frankly and not under the subterfuge that the Mexican government is confiscating valid property rights. As the President said, we are in a life and death struggle and we and Britain need the Mexican oil. We don't want anything done that will even disturb the oil industry just at this time. What we want is constantly increasing production.

Our government might very readily have said to Mexico that we request you to defer any action until the close of the war, and this is not to be taken as in any sense a questioning of your national sovereignty. Would not that have been better?

At any rate, get the *Mexican Review* for April and read that law carefully before you make up your mind that it is a case of confiscation.

V. J. R.

Ford

Boston, July 2, 1918.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

What is the matter with you? Are you talking broadness of vision and losing the kernel?

That sneer at Henry Ford does not become you. It is a misfit.

Remember two things he said, viz.: "I think the tariff should be abolished entirely. If we had free trade we would all be better off."

And again:

"I believe in the public ownership of natural resources such as mines, water power, etc."

Say, Bill, just help to cultivate such men and make them friendly to the single tax. Ford has only a short distance to cover in order to reach it.

Yours very truly,

M. C. O'NEILL.

♦♦♦

"Why is it, Sam, that one never hears of a darky committing suicide?" inquired the northerner. "Well, you see, it's disaway, boss: When a white pusson has any trouble he sets down an' gits to studyin' 'bout it an' worryin'. Then firs' thing you know he's done killed hisse'f. But when a nigger set down to think 'bout his troubles, why, he jes' nacherly goes to sleep."—*Life*.

Fighting for Freedom

(Continued from page 426)

tion. Some thought *Lincoln* should have made a short speech, but others thought the scene all the more impressive for its utter silence. The audience also paid it the tribute of silence instead of applause. The setting of the scene was rather a novelty. On the very high illuminated platform, framed by trees, appeared *Lincoln* and his cabinet, grouped around a table, as in the old steel engravings. Below, in a darkness relieved only by a ruddy glow of light, knelt with imploring arms uplifted towards the pensive, hesitating president a great crowd of black people, aged mummies, small children, old men and young. When the proclamation was signed they arose and departed, singing, in rather subdued voices, "*Glory, glory, hallelujah!*"

The general plan of the pageant "Fighting for Freedom" is open to some objections, slight strictures on a truly imposing whole. The first is that the conflict between *Liberty* and *Autocracy* as persons in a drama was one of words only. The antagonists remained static, the full length of the stage apart. Not until the final moment of Part I, when *Autocracy* rushed over to the temple, did anything hostile happen, and then it was extremely mild. Moreover, the action at this point was not clearly worked out, for the followers of *Autocracy*, instead of destroying the temple, as stated in the libretto, merely rushed into it; and not enough light was thrown upon the escaping spirit of *Liberty* to make it evident that she "didn't get a scratch."

I would venture the same criticism of Part II, considered as drama. The action was merely pictorial, processional. No foe appeared, consequently there was no fight. The stage was full of allies, but not a German was in sight to be routed! The soldiers were "all dressed up with nowhere to go." This, of course, was not true of certain episodes within the framework of the main plot, but the main plot itself was too static. *Voyez-vous*, a lady and a gentleman sitting on two thrones the length of the stage apart, and threatening each other even in the most menacing terms, is not our idea of a dramatic conflict. The element of real dramatic conflict would have been present had *Liberty* rallied her defenders in serried ranks behind her, to oppose *Autocracy* leading on the representatives of the entente.

Objection might also be made to the disproportionate length of the didactic speeches assigned to *Liberty*, *Truth*, and *Autocracy*, particularly *Liberty*. To give life and energy to the part taxed even the ability of so capable an actress as Henrietta Crosman. She was a fair and gracious *Liberty*, and her trained voice delivered the lines ringingly, but the fact is that the central figures, *Liberty*, *Truth*, and *Justice* demanded too long-sustained heroic attitudinizing and stately platitude. These three were too abstract to be characters, even symbolically. *Truth*, *Liberty*, and *Justice* mean only what our imaginations make them mean; to the



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actor they offer little opportunity. So, when these heroic figures remain long upon the scene there is the danger of our becoming too familiar with the divine presences. The more they spout the less divine they seem. They lose their mystery. They should appear but rarely, to keep their awfulness. *Liberty*, appearing for only a few moments, in a ray of light, her star gleaming over her forehead, would have been more effective than she was as a static presence surrounded by a band of graceful (but apparently useless) nymphs.

Autocracy, played by Irving Pichel, gave more chance for characterization on the part of the actor. Mr. Pichel moved with a tragic stride, he was splendidly robed and sonorously defiant, yet he hardly gave an impression of that cynical brutality which Germany has caused us to associate with the idea of autocracy. Mr. Pichel's *Autocracy* was merely "a bad man who wants to kill people," as we soothingly explained to a small boy. So Mr. Pichel's fond hopes of being venomously hissed were disappointed. We might have hissed a cold, ruthless, Napoleonic despot, or perhaps a gross ogre of the Hindenburg type, but not Mr. Pichel's bad man. Mr. Pichel is urged to please be a little more bloodthirsty.

As it would be impossible to comment even briefly on the details of the whole programme, I shall mention only a few things that stand out in my memory: the pathetic procession of Belgian refugees, —a man of ninety, limping men with blood-stained bandages, ragged, tired children dragging along, mothers carrying infants, a fainting soldier—all so real and terrible that we could not applaud. The beautiful, sorrowful figure of *Belgium* played by Helen Ware will be long remembered. Her *Belgium* was not in rags, but in a somber, stately robe, blue, purple and black, mediaeval in design, the face swathed, like a nun's, in pure white. It was a *Belgium* still proud, still unconquered, but heartbroken for her murdered children. Different in her appeal was *Armenia*, humble and pitiful, clothed in the colors of dust and ashes; and *Poland* (played by a blind girl), casting off her black robe to show herself revived in the colors of life. *New Japan*, with his quaint followers clad in suits of antique black Japanese armor, was a stunning figure. And *England* (Robert Edeson), a fine, hale, Elizabethan gentleman, followed by a band of yeomen, was a true embodiment of Saxon staunchness. *France*, played by Eula Guy, went to the heart strangely. Armed as Joan of Arc, her small, proud head bare, she was an image of something fine and indomitable and yet very feminine—gallant France that brings a lump to the throat and pride to the soul. When she knelt before *Liberty*, she bowed her head only for a second, then flung it back with a resolute air. There was something almost mystically beautiful in this figure of *France* as she marched away, exalted, at the head of her soldiery.

New Russia sprang upon the stage, a startling portent—a bewildered creature in a loose tunic of deep orange girdled with red, her mass of stiff red hair flaming around her head like an aurora borealis. She looked uncertainly about her, as if she had just been born. *Russia*

was weird, incalculable, capable of destructive frenzy, capable of utter sacrifice. To have suggested all this in a few moments of silent acting was something of an achievement. There was originality in the very idea of representing Russia as a young girl, in defiance of our traditional picturing of Russia as a hulking male peasant.

The authentic thrill of the evening came, of course, when *Liberty* called loudly upon her "child of the dreaming west" to wake and hasten to the rescue of a reeling world. The American forces, representing all branches of the service, including the women workers, filled the

stage, and brought the audience to its feet in a surge of enthusiasm. The "Star-Spangled Banner" rose from the thousands of throats. It was a very satisfying finale.

On the whole, the second part of the pageant had an even stronger interest than the first for the reason that the events portrayed in its vivid scenes were events we had ourselves, to some extent at least, lived through. The cumulative effect of the massing of the allied nations in a single cause, from the tense scene of the drawing of the sword by Serbia to the stirring entrance of the American forces, was genuinely impressive. The

spectators sat in self-forgetful absorption, watching nation after nation declare its high resolve. Once more there seemed to hover in the air the hush of impending doom, the sense of destiny, that held the world when Serbia drew its sword, dimly conscious of what must follow but seeing no other course. Once more the people were wrung with horror at the wanton crushing of Belgium and with admiration of her undaunted front; again they suffered with the sorrow of Roumania and Poland, were bowed to the dust with defenseless Armenia. Great England's quiet yet stern acceptance of the gage of battle and the quick

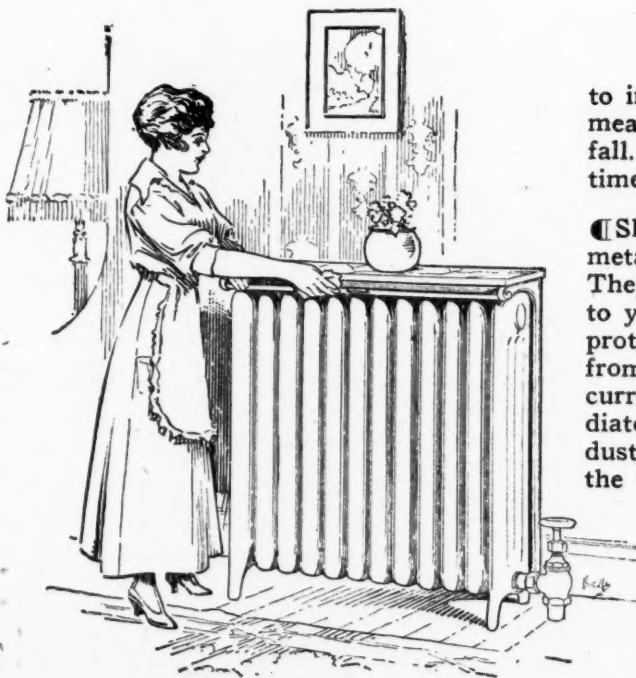
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response of India and of her colonies, lifted the hearts that watched, even as did the austere entrance of France. Joining the ranks came Italy, Portugal, Russia, Japan,—all forming one shining company. Who can say how deeply this glowing picture of the clasping hands of many nations has impressed itself on the consciousness of all who saw?

If "Fighting for Freedom" could be shown in every city of the United States its value as war propaganda would be immense. It should besides prove a strong impetus to civic pageantry; and the standard of public entertainment it sets is not its least important phase. For it would be hard to point to anything more desirable in its wholesome influence on public taste in entertainment than such a pageant as this.

♦♦♦

Billie—Brown is a great pianist. Milly—Does he play while people eat or while they talk?—*Town Topics*.

♦♦♦

War Secretary Baker said at a luncheon in Washington: "Ours will be the most democratic army in the world, for ours is the most democratic country. A millionaire, as he climbed into his limousine, snarled at a newsboy: 'No, I don't want any paper! Get out!' 'Well, keep yer shirt on, boss,' the newsboy answered. 'The only difference between you and me is that you're makin' your second million, while I'm still workin' on my first.'"

♦♦♦

Little Eunice was attending her first class in domestic science, and was asked to tell briefly the surest way to keep milk from souring. And Eunice, who was an exceedingly practical child, gave this recipe: "Leave it in the cow."

♦♦♦

"So you sent a dollar for that advertised appliance to keep you gas bills down. What did they send you?" "A paper weight."—*Dallas News*.

♦♦♦

Thomas W. Lawson said in a Boston lecture: "The green speculator is apt to be more suspicious and mistrustful than the seasoned one. Green speculators by their actions often remind me of the farmer who went down to the Boston and Maine station, put down a twenty-dollar bill and said to the ticket agent: 'Round trip to Washington, young feller.' 'Here you are,' said the agent. 'Change at New York.' 'No ye don't, young feller,' snarled the farmer. 'I'll take my change right here.'"

♦♦♦

A Highland farmer handed a rather frail-looking box to the porter at a small railway station in Scotland. "Dae ye think this is strong enough to trust in the van?" he asked. "I doot it's no," replied the porter; "but we'll see." He lifted the box high in the air and let it fall with a crash. "It'll get that here," he said. "An' it'll get that"—giving it another bang—"at the junction. An' at Dundee it'll get that!" The third "that" burst the box, and its contents were scattered over the platform. The porter shook his head. "Na," he said, "I think it winna get past Dundee. If it's goin' farther, it's no' strong enough."

New Books

All those who have read Professor Joseph Jastrow's volume "The War and the Bagdad Railway" will find interest and pleasure in following that author's thought in a second volume "The War and the Coming of Peace." Professor Jastrow makes an impressive and eloquent showing in the first and greater part of this second work. He is concerned therein to show on a large scale just how this war is a moral issue, and how the allies have the moral end of the argument. There will be no dissent from this view in this country, but one cannot help wondering what the celebrated ninety-three Teuton professors, individually and collectively, would think of Professor Jastrow's triumphant conclusion that Germany has sinned against all laws, human and divine. The chief point of the unmorality, as made out by Professor Jastrow, is the determination of Germany to carry out her policies by force in accordance with the doctrine of Clausewitz that "war is a continuation of policy." In the second part of this book, Professor Jastrow is not so happy or so effective. We have all read so many prophecies about when and how the war would end that we are somewhat irreverent toward the utterances even of such scientific analysts of facts as Professor Jastrow. His conclusion of the whole matter is that the war which started on an unmoral basis will have to be settled on a moral one. How this is to be done is not clear. The professor is convinced that by the exercise of force the German cult of force is finally to be broken and that then there will result some sort of a league of nations which will set up a system of law embodying in the large the moral code as it now applies to the individual. Professor Jastrow writes very well indeed. He has abundant citation and documentation for his argument. Nevertheless we shall have to wait for a decision at arms before we can figure on the peace. The book is published by the Appletons.

♦

Readers of good writing have cause to rejoice in the republication by the Scribners of "The Desert" by John C. Van Dyke with illustrations by J. Smeaton Chase. The occasion of reissue of the book would seem to be the illustrations, which are very good. But the book as originally published in 1901 was a good book without illustrations. There is no other book quite like it. As all readers know, there is nothing more tiresome than long stretches of description. Here is Mr. Van Dyke engaged for more than two hundred pages in nothing but description and never once does his writing pall upon the reader. The great American desert has never been so well or so poetically treated. Mr. Van Dyke has dealt with it in every conceivable aspect. He is familiar with it scientifically, that is to say geologically and topographically, but he clothes this scientific familiarity with the glowing garments of a colorful imagination. The book is one of the most interesting of its kind. It is a good bedside book, because it can be taken up with interest at almost any chapter. It would be a

very good book to take with you on your vacation, if the war will permit you a vacation this year.

♦

Lovers of character studies of our best known contemporaries will find a deal of good reading, informative and entertaining as well, in the volumes entitled "National Miniatures" (Knopf, New York). The book is made up of the x-ray character-photographs made at Washington during the last three or four years and published in the New York *Evening Post*, signed "Tattler." We have not been told the identity of the writer who uses this pen name. He is a very good writer however. He knows his history and his English literature. He is "on the inside" in politics. He has wit and humor and fancy. He has an abundant sympathy too, because while all these sketches are not complimentary, none of them is outrightly abusive or denunciatory. They are worthy of a title taken from another art, namely, "etchings." They are all bitten in but the acid is never without its dilution of the milk of human kindness. There is criticism of each person in amount sufficient to show anyone that the writer has no intent to be a miscellaneous eulogist. Sometimes he is quite severe, but more often he gets his critical effects by the play of irony and sarcasm. Sometimes too he pleases the reader by drawing his sarcasm or his irony so very fine that the reader is mightily pleased with his own perspicacity in discovering the slightly camouflaged critical intent. Among the persons considered, in articles which never exceed two thousand words and more often are kept down to eight hundred, are Henry Cabot Lodge, Chief Justice White, Congresswoman Rankin, Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to the president, Brand Whitlock, Jane Addams, Boies Penrose, the late senator from Missouri, William J. Stone, Emma Goldman, Josephus Daniels, and others. The book is a vivisectional "Who's Who" of our men of light and leading in political affairs. One can read these sketches at a long stretch without being sensible of any sameness in the method of treatment. There is plenty of variety in tone and style. Not a single one of them shows trace of weariness or of a heavy hand. There is a certain consistency of attitude towards all the persons sketched. This is the attitude of the New York *Evening Post*. It may be a bit Brahminical but at least it is never uninteresting. It is always clever.

♦

Bert Love's article in the MIRROR two weeks ago, calling for a selection of the work of Walt Whitman has elicited the information, in the first place, that Horace Traubel made a selection called "The Book of Heavenly Death" (Mosher, Portland, Maine) and that Doubleday, Page & Co. have just issued a volume containing the patriotic poems. Traubel is Whitman's literary executor. For many years he has published the *Conservator* to expound Whitman and, of course, Traubel. He has published three large volumes of talks with Walt Whitman at Camden in the last days of the good grey poet. Nobody knows more about Whitman than Traubel. A great

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many people believe that Whitman's spirit has come back and taken full possession of his pupil. Traubel has developed a sort of cult of his own. It is Whitman and something else, and that something else is Traubel. But Traubel is no mere imitator of his master. Traubel is a socialist; more socialist than Karl Marx. Others of us who know Whitman fancy that he wouldn't like to

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be labeled as Traubel seems to label him, though Traubel is always insisting that he doesn't want to label anybody. Nevertheless Traubel in his own peculiar way is a writer of excellent savor. He writes in staccato style. His sentences go very much like the explosions of a machine gun. His thoughts however sometimes seem to hop about like a bird. Sometimes some people think there isn't any thought there, but there is; or, if there isn't, there is something that leads up to a thought somewhere down near the end of a very long article made up of a succession of sententious cracklings which give somewhat the effect of a picture in the extreme *pointilliste* manner. Traubel writes stuff which, if it were better broken up, would be very good free verse. He is a large-souled fellow with a great charity. And there's a lot of wisdom in his writing too. He phrases it well always. He doesn't blame anybody or praise anybody. He would have everybody let everybody else alone. Just where the world would come out, operated on this system, may not be apparent, but Traubel has no more doubt that it would come out all right than had Tolstoy, to whom Traubel bears some resemblance. Now all this is simply to whet your interest in Traubel. If you want to know more about him you should read the book "Whitman and Traubel" by William English Walling, published by Egmont H. Arens, New York. Mr. Walling succeeds in showing to the satisfaction of some people that in many ways Traubel is a bigger man than old Walt. Traubel seems to be giving effect to the Whitmanian idea, just

as perhaps Edison might be said to apply the electric discoveries of Franklin to popular use. Traubel is bringing Whitman's generalities down to particulars and applying them to the life of to-day. The book is very well done as is anything from the pen of William English Walling, and one who has followed Traubel for a great many years confesses that Walling has converted him to a better appreciation of the real service Traubel has done to American philosophy, politics and letters.

Undoubtedly one of the very best American writers of to-day is Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer. Lovers of fiction need not be told this. They remember "The Three Black Pennys" and some other books from his pen. They will not be disappointed when they come to consider "Gold and Iron" (Knopf, New York). In this volume are three fairly long short stories. They are stories in the front rank of American fictional workmanship. One can't say much about short stories without giving their substance away. There is a deal of substance in these Hergesheimer narratives and it is a very substantial substance too. Hergesheimer loves people, as the saying is, with the red corpuscle. He has no milksops in his category of worthwhile individuals. The reviewer of books however cannot but be pleased with the reverence which Mr. Hergesheimer has for the English language, although, being in the game himself, he will often be amused at the care which Mr. Hergesheimer takes to avoid clichés or tags. Mostly he is successful in this, but every

little while, like the rest of us, just as he may be congratulating himself upon dodging one trite expression he either trips over or falls into another or worse banality. That is the great grief of the stylist. One of these stories is a semi-tropical, Joseph Conrad kind of thing with elements of the exotic and the horrible. It is difficult to say whether it is better done than a companion piece dealing with the life of an iron-willed man who started out to capture control of the iron industry in Pennsylvania. This latter story has an end that comes unexpectedly and apparently inconclusively. But there is no denying its great effectiveness. The volume as a whole shows Mr. Hergesheimer as a careful literary craftsman with a curious blend in himself of the blond beast sort of person that Nietzsche was thinking about, and the modern dilettante who with a little push might be sent toppling over into the class of the *cicisbeo*.

Ernest Poole presents a new phase of the eternal triangle in "His Second Wife" (Macmillans, New York)—one member alive, one dead, one a lump of plastic clay, or, concretely, a woman battling for the resurrection of her husband's early ideals against the materialistic influence of her dead sister, who had been his first wife. *Amy*, the first wife, is undoubtedly the strongest of these. Ambitious, beautiful, coming to New York from a country town, she had quickly married an architect of uncommon genius, who would have become famous and great had she not bent him to her unworthier ends. With her, nothing counted but what money would buy, and sex ruled the world. Her philosophy of life was summed up in her brief dictum to her sister, then a young girl, "It's not what you say that interests men; it's how you look and what you have on." *Amy* loved her husband and she made him love her—so intensely that he forgot his ideals and became a money-maker in order that he might evidence his love by loading her with the luxuries she demanded as her due. So thoroughly did her personality encompass his that when after five years she died and he married her sister *Ethel*, it was *Amy's* ideals that actuated him and not his own. He loved *Ethel* even more than he had loved *Amy*, yet without regard to *Ethel's* wishes he showed this love in the way *Amy* had taught him. But *Ethel* had different aspirations. She wanted the real and the beautiful in life instead of the empty frivolities of social dissipation. She wanted *Joe* to achieve something rather than merely make money. She wanted him to be the architect he was rather than an ordinary real estate broker. She sought ways to help him, to rouse his first ambitions, but at every turn she was blocked by *Amy's* pervasive influence, smiling, good-humored, pleasant, but none the less sinister and ineradicable. In the end she succeeded but the task was much more difficult than it should have been. For the man who allowed his ideals to be so completely submerged by the gross materialism of one woman should not have so strenuously resisted their resuscitation at the hands of a better-loved one. This and *Ethel's* difficulty in making friends—

surely exaggerated—are two bits of unreality that mar an otherwise powerful book. In the present as in earlier volumes Mr. Poole shows his superior craftsmanship.

Apropos of the Kaiser and his deity Mme. Waddington tells in her war diary of an Englishman who happened to be at Potsdam on Good Friday (this was before the war), and was surprised to see the imperial flag on the palace at half-mast. He asked the driver of the fiacre what it meant—was anyone dead? The man grinned, and, pointing to the flag, remarked: "*Familientrauer* (family mourning)."

When two German town children recently met on the street one announced with considerable pride: "We've got a new baby at our house." Whereupon the other, rather contemptuously, responded with: "That's nothing. We've got a new pa at ours."

A Japanese resident of Vancouver recently enlisted in a British Columbia battalion, and, before going to the front, wished to sell a small marine engine. He wrote to a possible purchaser the following letter: "I was educated in most excellent high school in Japan, and in high hope of my condition bettering made my resolution and embarked for this nation. But thing do not find themselves thus. Bad time eventuated. I sell hull of boat engine I possess. I have signal honor to fight for this land and am distributing my property before I depart to encounter common foe, dam Hun, excuse me I beseech you my colloquial phraseology. Price, 95 dollars. Ask for K— T—, private."

The electrical expert was breaking in a green man. "Never touch the wires with your bare hands." "I see. Everything sanitary."

An Atlanta woman was standing on her back porch one beautiful spring morning. She did not appear to be happy or contented. She confided her restlessness to her old darky housekeeper: "I do wish I could go away! I certainly need a change!" "Look heah, chile," said the old mammy. "Wot yo' wanta git 'way from? Disheah beautiful house? Dese heah lubbly chillun? Wot yo' wanta git 'way from? Yo' gotta lug yo'se'f 'long whereber yo' go."

"Then I understand that after your husband had made over all his money to you, you left him." "Yes; I couldn't live with a man who cheated his creditors like that."—*Boston Transcript*.

Sarah was rather backward in her studies. One day she came home and announced that she stood at the foot of the class. "Why, Sarah, I'm ashamed of you," exclaimed her mother. "Why don't you study harder?" "It isn't my fault," complained the little girl. "The little girl who has always been at the foot has left school."

Gotham Revisited

By John Beverley Robinson

Back in New York after five years of absence!

My first impression as I climb up into daylight out of the dark underground labyrinth of the Pennsylvania station, is of silence, almost of solitude; and this impression persists during my stay. To be sure, the Pennsylvania stations stands in a somewhat sequestered spot, not being contiguous to any of the principal lines of transit: only the Seventh avenue cars pass it, a little traveled line, coming no one knows whence, and going no one knows whither.

This alone however seems insufficient to account for the surrounding stillness; until presently it dawns on me that the real reason is that all the world has meanwhile gone on rubber tires. A few rattling wagons still remain, but soon these too will have passed away.

Other changes conduce to the effect of quiet. Trolley cars no longer bang their gongs at you. Automobiles hoot at you more circumspectly, realizing perhaps that a sudden honk is just as likely to make you jump under the wheels as away from them. People are getting accustomed to automobiles; and, what is more important, automobiles are getting accustomed to people; so that, in spite of the great number of both, accidents have not increased in anything like proportion.

In Fifth avenue, the only thoroughfare without car tracks, there are usually six lines, two going uptown, two going downtown, and one standing at each curb, yet you can see young girls calmly walking across, waiting between the lines for a break in the next line, with perfect coolness. If you get rattled in crossing you are apt to confuse the chauffeurs, who don't know whether you mean to advance or retreat. The rule is: Wait for a fairly good opening and then go deliberately across, without sudden withdrawal. If you observe this rule you will very seldom be run over.

What with the diversion of traffic and regulation of what is left one can cross easily where it was formerly almost impossible, as at Broadway and Twenty-third street. Lower Broadway is not a quarter as crowded nor a tenth part as noisy as it was in the seventies of the last century, when they had to build a bridge over it at Fulton street to make crossing at times possible.

Yet again the subway system has multiplied enormously, and half the street traffic travels underground. There is a new Broadway subway from Rector street to Forty-second, being only a fragment of what it will be, but even as a fragment it is always full of people. It has a branch that crosses one of the many bridges and lands you in Brooklyn, ultimately in Coney Island. The idea of taking a train at Forty-second street in New York, and being whisked to Coney Island in forty minutes for five cents, and no more hold-ups for tribute by the B. R. T.!

The way that the crowds fill every line, subway, surface and elevated, is

astounding. There are never any seats—the management would lie wake o' nights if there were. Shonts, the manager of the old subway, announced proudly the other day that there was only one chance in 1,666,666 of being killed in the subway. Whereupon a playful newspaper responded that he might have said that there was only one chance in 1,666,666 of getting a seat in the subway.

It is curious to see the girl conductors that have been put upon several lines, dressed in khaki bloomers or in short navy blue skirts, but always with caps like those worn by the men conductors. The doors of the new cars are made to open and shut by compressed air, so that all the girl has to do is to press a button to open and again to shut them.

The thing however that makes New York alone in the universe as a spectacle by daylight, is the swarming crowd of tall buildings that more and more line the streets, not merely in the business districts, but everywhere; probably tripled in number since I was last here. A notable new one is the Bush building in Forty-second street, giving a cathedral-like effect from a distance as one approaches it. Not one person in a hundred who was not an architect, and not all architects, would notice that the aspiring lines which run unbroken upward are skillfully rendered with dark and light bricks so as to give the effect of relief in the cleverest way imaginable.

Nothing yet has been built—nothing probably ever will be built—to surpass the wonderful Woolworth building. Wonderful not only for its height, although in height it exceeds all other habitable structures, but for its beauty! Other fine towers there are—no one can speak of the Metropolitan except with admiration—but for sheer, downright beauty and graceful charm, there is not a tall building anywhere that approaches the Woolworth.

To judge by the flag display there is no doubt as to where the seat of war is in New York. For the most part, flags are but sparsely shown; but all Fifth avenue is abundantly hung with bunting, while Wall street, and the streets abutting upon it are fairly aflutter.

My second impression was that New York was bigger, more brazen and more brutal than ever; and this impression too persisted and was intensified throughout my stay.

Now if it were any other town and I were to speak thus of it, my life would hardly be safe; but say it to any dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker, and he will answer: "By Jove, you're right!" and will proceed to tell you stories of things you hadn't known before, and worse than anything you had found out for yourself.

But landing in New York after many years away from it, I was able to realize the impression that it makes upon a stranger. Fierceness, sourness, ferocity, in the faces! Coldness, shortness, in the replies to your inquiries, if indeed you are fortunate enough to receive a reply at all! A dangerous feeling in the whole atmosphere! A friend told me of the comment of a youth recently arrived

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from Norway. "Why," he asked, "do the people all look so frightened?" Showing that my characterization of it as "dangerous," made before I had heard this story, was not so wide of the mark.

Of course, after you have hunted up your friends and adjusted yourself to a circle of acquaintances, this feeling is obscured; all the same, you will find it hard to get on friendly terms with anybody. You may buy your newspaper at the same stand for a month and the boy will look at you with dull astonishment, if you forget yourself so far as to say "good morning!"

I went into a bank to look up a friend whom I had known since boyhood—he happened to be the vice-president. I handed my card in at one of the windows, asking for my friend. "What do you want?" the young man behind it shouted. He did not really shout, but his tone and manner were as if he had shouted. I explained again, still holding my card out to him. He glanced at it. "We haven't anyone of that name here," he snapped—so mad that he couldn't think straight. Nervous tension, I suppose; but think of a place where the nervous tension is like that!

It is all business. Pay your money and get out! No smile anywhere. No human interest anywhere. Nothing of the friendliness and homelikeness of the atmosphere of St. Louis. It makes one understand the vision of the apocalyptic, of a great scarlet city, red with the blood of the saints—the saints in this case being all who have a mind broader than a ticker-tape; such saints as Gustavus Tuckerman and Zoe Akins and Clark McAdams and Nancy Coonsman and George Blackburn, and all the rest of the saints and angels that foregather in St. Louis in general and in the Artists' Guild in particular.

A Beloved Officer

A colonel out in No Man's Land attracted the attention of a German sniper in a tree. He promptly fired at the Englishman and missed him. The colonel as promptly threw himself down, rolled into a shellhole and stayed quiet until four star shells had gone off. Then he crawled back into his own lines. He hunted up the lieutenant in charge of that length of trench and wrathfully demanded: "What do you mean by letting a boche sniper take a shot at me, with no reply?" "We didn't see the thing at all," said the lieutenant. "Do you know where he was?" "He's in that tree over there," said the colonel. "I'll put my best shot on the job," said the lieutenant, and called up the man. Everybody watched the performance. The rifleman got a comfortable position, hitched his elbow into the sling in the orthodox fashion, and waited. Presently another star shell went up. "I see him," said the sharpshooter, and snuggled the butt down into his shoulder hollow. He waited for another star shell and fired. Ping! The German came tumbling down out of his tree and the English soldier, blowing the smoke out of his rifle barrel, remarked: "Take that for missing our colonel."

♦♦♦

Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, president of Amherst College, told a story in his address to the graduating class at Haverford recently. It seems that President Lowell of Harvard had just published a new book, and had asked his publisher to send complimentary copies to some of his friends. By mistake two copies of the book were sent to one gentleman, who promptly wrote to Dr. Lowell as follows: "Your new book reached me safely. I have read the first volume with great interest, and am now halfway through the second."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

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Marts and Money

The New York stock market is a rather mechanical sort of affair these days. Proceedings and changes in values are unimportant, so far as most of the leading cases are concerned. The occasional flurries of a few points in Steel, Baldwin, Sloss-Sheffield, Mexican Petroleum, Mercantile Marine preferred, and Central Leather exert but slight helpful influences upon the general list. They fail to create a stir among experienced speculators, who loll in mahogany chairs and in drowsy moments would fain play with flowers and babble of green fields. Withal there's a general feeling of expectant contentment. The news from France is thought sufficiently encouraging to warrant hopes of a broad forward movement in prices at an early date. Brokers tell their friends that the market "looks pretty good," that the "undertone" is good, and that "the bears will soon get a terrible lesson." Then, with a bland and knowing look: "The long side is the only that can safely be played at this stage of the war game." The quotation for Steel common, which relapsed from 108 to 104 a few days ago has rallied to 109 mainly on account of covering by wary depressionists, who seem to have come to the conclusion that the scare about the federal commission's report of profiteering was overdone. The notion prevails that there will be no confiscatory legislation in congress, in spite of some ominous remarks on the part of a few political leaders. In ultra-cautious circles, considerable attention is paid, however, to the following statement of Representative Kitchin of North Carolina: "I do not think that the committee would raise taxes to the

extent of crippling or handicapping any corporation. But, if necessary, we would have to do that, even to the total amount received with respect to the profits of invested capital." It is quite safe to say that congress will not go to extremes in this matter. Radical confiscation of returns on invested capital would have deplorable consequences. Neither England, nor France, nor Germany has dared to adopt such a policy. The subject is closely studied in London, where it is realized that from now on the British, French, and Italian governments will be increasingly dependent upon the financial resources of the United States. The London correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* has lately made the following report: "Your scheme of taxation for the next fiscal year is awaited with much interest here, because we are so closely linked financially with you. Our people are hoping that your markets will not be disturbed by unduly high taxation, with possible adverse effects on war loans." According to latest advices, the next Liberty loan, to be floated in October, will draw the same rate as the last, that is, $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, instead of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent as previously announced from Washington. The quotations for outstanding Liberty bonds moved irregularly in the past few days; declines were not important. The shrinkage in exchange business is generally attributed to the monotonous recurrence of predictions by high military authorities that "renewal of the German offensive may momentarily be expected." Taught by previous experience, the majority of traders cling to the belief that quotations should drop three to five points on the receipt of news of the launching of a new gigantic drive on the part of Hin-

denburg. It is not altogether improbable that the market may respond differently than it did on the first two occasions. Quotations may advance considerably, especially if the initial successes of the Germans should prove relatively insignificant. Wall street's capacity of resistance has steadily increased since the end of March. Friends of copper stocks felt highly pleased with the advance from $23\frac{1}{2}$ to 26 cents in the metal's official price the other day. They declared that the new quotation will insure maintenance of existing dividend rates. Anaconda Copper rose from $65\frac{1}{2}$ to $69\frac{1}{2}$, Inspiration from 53 to $56\frac{1}{4}$, and Utah from 81 to $84\frac{1}{8}$. None of these three quotations is equal to the previous top since January 1. It is evident that the government feels impressed with the vital necessity of stimulating copper production to the utmost. Demand for war purposes is so enormous that private consumers find it difficult to obtain more than 25 or 30 per cent of their own badly needed supplies. The cost of operating the mines continues to rise, at least in the Butte-Great Falls-Anaconda district, where the workers have just been granted another increase of fifty cents a day. With respect to the British gold output, it has become known that recent results were rather disappointing. At a meeting in London, Sir Lionel Philips, of the South African Werner-Beit interests, insisted that the moment had arrived for taking vigorous steps in order to check the steady contraction in production. For the first five months of 1918, the Transvaal yield shows a decrease of over \$6,000,000, when compared with the corresponding record in 1917. Much of the ore of the Witwatersrand does not yield paying amounts. Owners of the mines evidently intend to induce the British government to establish a higher price for gold, or, if not that, to secure permission to fix their own figures, independently of the Bank of England, which has all along determined the market value of gold for the entire world. Judging by trustworthy advices, there is a gradual decline also in the gold output of the United States. The record for 1918 may not be in excess of \$70,000,000. Some years ago, the total was over \$90,000,000. Steady shrinkage is reported also from Australia, Russia and South American countries, and it is probable, therefore, that the world's grand total for 1918 will be less than \$425,000,000, as against a high record of \$476,000,000. The adverse turn in South Africa is the outcome, to some extent, of spreading labor troubles at the mines. In recent years the yearly production of the Transvaal properties ranged from \$150,000,000 to \$187,000,000. In view of the growing complexity and confusion of national and international finances, the reports of declining yields of gold are designed to court the serious attention of every student of monetary and general economic conditions. All the more so since the American government has fixed the price of silver at \$1 per ounce, while London persists in paying $99\frac{1}{2}$ cents. Wall street's interest in the stock of the Royal Dutch Petroleum Co. was much enlivened by a report from the Hague that the board of commissaries had resolved "to propose to the general meeting of shareholders to fix the final dividend for 1917

at 18 per cent, thus making the total for that year 48 per cent." In addition, it is stated that it is proposed to double the issue of ordinary or common stock, firstly by the issuance of one bonus share for every two shares, taxes, registration, and other expenses to be borne by shareholders; secondly, by the issuance of one share for every two shares against payment of 100 per cent. The present quotation for Royal Dutch is 100, against a low notch of 59 in May, 1917. It is permissible to surmise that, like many other international corporations, the Royal Dutch Petroleum Co. is putting itself in proper shape for post-bellum operations in the various countries where its rich properties are located. The New York cotton market registered further depreciation upon the publication of the monthly report of the department of agriculture, which forecast a yield of 15,325,000 five-hundred pound bales. Should this estimate prove approximately correct, this year's crop would be the third largest in our history. In 1913, the planters reported a yield of over 16,000,000 bales. The latest action of the cotton market indicated that the official report had been sufficiently discounted by the preceding fall in prices. The weekly New York bank statement disclosed another startling decrease in the aggregate of excess reserves—one of \$145,500,000. The record now stands at \$26,493,000, against \$171,971,000 a week back. The rather violent changes in the clearing-house figures in the last two or three weeks reflect the heavy disbursements and shifting in accounts incidental to this season of the year. Reading common is the leader nowadays in the railroad department. It is being bought on revamped tales of a segregation of coal properties at the behest of the government. The present price of $93\frac{1}{4}$ denotes an improvement of \$33 when contrasted with the minimum set in 1917. The stock is of the part value of \$50, and receives \$4 per annum. There can be no question that the old crowd of jugglers is again at work. In 1916 they had the price up to $115\frac{1}{2}$ on a similar sort of stories. Since 1910 the stock has never sold on its genuine merits and dividend rate. Canadian Pacific remains singularly firm at 147, a price indicating an advance of \$21 over last December's low level. While transactions are not heavy, they seem to suggest gradual absorption for the account of courageous, rich investors who feel certain that the property still has a great future before it, and that the stock should again be quoted materially above 200 even before the first session of the peace conference.

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Finance in St. Louis

Local quotations indicate no changes of real moment. They are firm in most all prominent quarters. It is beyond question that the market is in a well-liquidated condition, and that any broadening in demand would bring considerable improvement in values. It would be especially helpful if the latter should assert itself first in the investment list. As a rule, strong buying for investment account provides the proper foundation for a sustained bull market in speculative issues. Six shares of Mercantile Trust were lately sold at 346.50, and five Third

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National at 236.50. A few fragmentary lots of Certain-teed first preferred brought \$9.25, ten Ely-Walker D. G. first preferred 105, and thirty-seven Brown Shoe common 64.50. The satisfactory state of finances in and around St. Louis was attested by the report that the federal reserve bank in this city, controlling the eighth district, including nine states, has paid off all dividends accumulated since organization in 1914. The final payment to 585 member banks amounted to \$289,394.42, equivalent to 6 per cent per annum on capital stock. The reserve bank was capitalized at \$6,219,323 at organization, with a membership of 434. It is expected that henceforth dividends will be disbursed at regular intervals. The latest monthly report of the bank is of an encouraging cast, as regards agricultural, commercial and industrial conditions throughout the district.

Latest Quotations

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|-------------------------|--------|--------|
| Nat. Bank of Commerce | 113 | ----- |
| United Railways pf'd | 14 1/2 | 15 1/2 |
| do 4s | 49 3/4 | 50 1/8 |
| St. L. & Sub. gen. 5s | ----- | 56 |
| Broadway 4 1/2s | 94 | ----- |
| Certain-teed 1st pf'd | 86 | 86 1/2 |
| Mo. Portland Cement | 70 | ----- |
| International Shoe pf'd | 105 | ----- |
| Brown Shoe com. | 65 | ----- |
| do pf'd | 97 | ----- |
| National Candy com. | 39 | 40 1/2 |

Answers to Inquiries

READER, St. Louis.—(1) Baltimore & Ohio preferred seems an attractive purchase at 56, the present price. The 4 per cent dividend is safe, and has regularly been paid since 1900. When the railroad group finally feels the effects of liberal investment buying, B. & O. preferred should advance at least twenty points. The top in 1917 was 76 7/8; in 1916 it was 80. Thirteen years ago the stock sold at as high a price as 100. It is of favorable significance that at 56 the net yield is practically the same as that on Atchison common at 84 and on Southern Pacific at 83, ruling figures. (2) St. Paul 7 per cent preferred should certainly be held. The investment will turn out satisfactorily.

QUESTION, Newport, Ark.—If you are equipped with the requisite amount of patience, you will serve your interests best by sticking to your St. Louis Southwestern common certificate until the quotation rises to your purchase point. Would not advise additional purchase, however. The company could undoubtedly pay 3 or 4 per cent on its preferred stock, which is limited to a 5 per cent non-cumulative rate. But it is seriously to be questioned whether it will take such action. Nothing was paid in the three determinative years of 1915-16-17. A material rise in the price of the common cannot reasonably be looked for prior to resumption of preferred payments.

W. R. E., Dallas, Tex.—The current quotation of Sloss-Sheffield Steel & Iron common is 65. This must be considered a fair valuation, in view of the uncertain dividend policy of the company. Only \$1.50 was paid in 1917. A like amount was disbursed last May. In 1916 the price was up to 93 1/2; some twelve years ago 118 1/2 was paid. The stock is

thoroughly speculative, and should not be bought by people who seek a safe investment. High-grade bonds will suit your needs much better than stocks that have long been in the control of notorious manipulators. If you can afford to take some chances, select a railroad or industrial stock that has paid substantial dividends for at least ten years.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—A definitive judgment cannot as yet be passed on the intrinsic merits of Certain-teed Products first preferred. The 7 per cent dividends on both preferred issues are justified at present. Earnings are increasing, and the management is skilled and ambitious. The ruling quotation for the first preferred is 86, implying a net return of a little over 8 per cent. You ask if I regard the stock as a good investment. I cannot give an unqualified affirmative answer. Personally, I would not buy the stock for a safe investment. It has not emerged altogether from the experimental state.

TRUTH, Medford, Mass.—The present price of Northern Pacific (86) does not denote disquieting undervaluation. The net yield is slightly above 8, and close to that on Great Northern at 89. The latter stock is considered a somewhat better investment, for valid reasons. If dominant interests feared a cut in the 7 per cent dividend, N. P. would be at least ten points lower than it is at the moment. The necessity of a cut is not apparent. Earnings show at least 10 per cent earned on the \$248,000,000 stock.

R. E. E., Rushville, Ill.—The Liggett & Myers Tobacco 7 per cent gold bonds are a desirable investment, though not secured by mortgage. They mature in October, 1944. Total amount is \$14,665,800. The quoted price of 111 is not excessive. The company is egregiously prosperous.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," quoted the parlor philosopher. "Yes; or at least till she gets old," added the Mere Man.—*Twain Topics.*

One of the crew of the *Vindictive* was asked by a friend who met him on his return what happened to him when the old cruiser was blown up in the harbor at Ostend. "I jumped overboard," was the reply, "and the next thing I remember was when I came to in Dunkirk. An officer leaned over me, and told me I had earned the Distinguished Conduct Medal, a money bonus, and a week's leave." "What did you say to that?" asked his friend. "I told him I would like the leave first," replied the sailor.

Nora had been guilty of what was considered an indiscretion, so the mistress of the house had her on the carpet. "If such a thing occurs again, Nora," said the lady, "I shall have to get another servant." Whereupon Nora, with a grin, responded: "I wish you would, mum—there's easily enough work for two of us."

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



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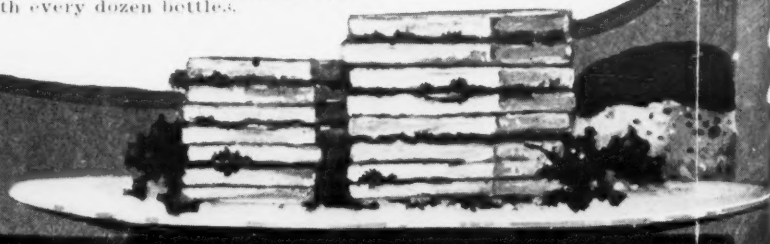
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